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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1932 | NUMBER 49

"Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains."—Goethe

Facial Esthetics

THOSE connoisseurs of unctuous language, the beauty specialists, are now advertising "facial esthetics,"—which gives us the exact term to describe what our writers need.

Modern poetry boasts of getting along without a substance of intelligible thought. A poem is an experience; it does not say, it is; and an experience requires no intellectual content. Not so, however, with prose which in our day reeks with substance. Even trivial novels are documented, while serious fiction and biography and criticism and history are as full of matter as an egg of meat. And yet the incomparably delicate and efficient surface of the eggshell is lacking. Since Hedda Gabler urged her writer friend to do it beautifully, and the phrase passed into rhetoric, few authors have dared to write with the conscious attempt at beauty of an earlier period. And now, in American books especially, carefully wrought expression which is beautiful as a fine gun, or a good rug, or an excellent tree is beautiful, becomes increasingly rare. Something is lacking in facial esthetics, in mere polish—that last attempt to break through the imperfections of language into complete communication.

It is not a question of style. We have plenty of style about. Indeed the authors who have got a name for themselves recently in this country are definitely stylists. Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Faulkner, for example (and shall we add Will Rogers?) have certainly impressed their personalities upon language. They have their own unmistakable ways of writing. You can recognize them in a detached paragraph. And these styles, in many well-known instances, have been extremely effective, quite as effective as Mr. Walter Lippmann's lucid exposition, which has little to learn from esthetics.

Nevertheless, many readers have noticed how badly the sentences of these two novelists, and many others of modern repute, stand any kind of analysis. They are dealing with emotion, which is admittedly harder to convey with any success than politics, and their tricks of syntax and word choice are often superbly successful, not because they are tricks but because they are part of a style which is emotionally effective. And yet, in both Hemingway and Faulkner, are whole sentences that simply are not articulate. If they are expressive at all it is as the stage villain is expressive, by his hemming and hawing. It is a dramatic dialect, but certainly not good English, and its effectiveness depends upon our desire to be assured of the sincerity of the writer, who composes in this half-winded fashion because he seems to wish to be known as a simple soul, tied up by his repressed emotions.

Of course, neither Mr. Faulkner nor Mr. Hemingway are simple souls. Their fashion of writing in a language which occasionally is not worthy of the resources of English, is a mannerism, more than a laxity, in men capable of expression but weighed upon by the sense of their own peculiar styles. In lesser writers such crudities, such deplorably common crudities, are more serious, and in the "honest" school of writers, of which Mr. Dreiser is chief, the absence of anything like harmonious accuracy (which is beauty in writing) is an obsession. Writers of distinguished English, whose sentences (like Mr. Cabell's in the essay which we published last week) are simple yet beautifully adjusted to the subtleties and the overtones of thought, are as scarce today as really beautiful women. We have no formula for producing more of them, but certainly a course in facial esthetics applied to the surface of style would be a great help. The English language is like a family servant; it will let you down occasionally, no matter how much you love it, unless you treat it with unvarying consideration and respect.

Gulliver Swift

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

GULLIVER SWIFT saw broad-jawed English squires
cheeked above as are baboons below;
heard the cockerel House of Lords and heard
the squealing Commons crying "Whig," "Tor-ee."
Pope gossipped poison; Congreve put to bed
adultery made drunk and warm on wit.
Defoe, spoored with a jailcloth, nosed his way
the length of England smelling out sedition.
At Court the lords gave oaths, then hurried home
to sell its tattle high to credulous France.
Sweet ladies dressed in satin balconies,
were always Juliets; sweet gentlemen
to climb put one hand in the bodice.
And for the national church Wren fattened up
the spire into a dome; since Jahveh now
in succulent English vales long naturalized
had turned porkeater and grown plump.

All this observing, Gulliver Swift laughed out.
He called his neighbors in as to a feast.
"These are Yahoos,—all cowards but they brawl,
walk every step in ordure yet they strut,
are toads to greatness but to peers are wolves."
And laughed again but suddenly was sober.
His guests were gone like spirits, and alone
he met his conscience crowding on his eyes.
"See your self portrait here," it pressed more close.
"Why this is a Yahoo," complained the Dean,
and, no more to see it, quietly went mad.

*Industrialist or Negotiator?**

By STUART CHASE

THORSTEIN VEBLEN, the greatest economist this country has produced, died in obscurity a few years ago. Day by day as the depression deepens, the soundness of his analysis, the awful import of his prophecy, becomes more apparent. It is a pity that he should not have been spared to witness, a faint, sardonic smile upon his lips, the brood of black ravens which have come home to roost.

Among the more penetrating of his economic distinctions was that which he drew between "business" and "industry." Business was a phenomenon of the price system, dealing in paper and credit; industry was a phenomenon of the technical arts, dealing in kilowatts, machine hours, micrometers, and mile-tons. The business man's chief concern was to buy cheap and sell dear; the industrialist's to promote efficiency, rationalization, and what engineers call the balanced load. Concerned only with profits in terms of money, the business man tended to welcome large and disorderly economic fluctuations, insofar as they increased the possibilities of speculative return, and added zest to the game. The industrialist on the other hand was an advocate of economic stability, with a full power load, machines functioning smoothly, and overhead burden at a minimum. The business man would never be converted to a controlled economic system; the industrialist would be forced by the logic of circumstances ultimately to accept it; he would find his own plant helpless, despite the technical beauty of its local functioning, in the face of external forces such as the business cycle, or a general shortage of purchasing power. From the industrialist and technician, Veblen hoped for the design of a new economic order. The technological facts of the machine age being what they are, business men are unable to understand them, and incompetent to control them. A complicated mechanism requires expert supervision if it is not to strip its gears.

This distinction I have never forgotten. From time to time I approach the technician with a view to finding out whether he has grasped the importance of his role. Sometimes he has, mostly he has not. (I am happy to report, however, that in the last year he is making up with astonishing rapidity.) For some years I have speculated in this connection about Mr. Owen D. Young. He hails from the General Electric Company, where there is one of the finest research laboratories in the world. Charles P. Steinmetz, the lion of those laboratories, was one of the men Veblen had specifically in mind. Every now and again Mr. Young makes a public pronouncement which seems to contain the authentic engineering view. Yet he produces German reparations schedules full of business man's compound interest and preposterous paper obligations. Yet he moves fluently among the "insiders" of the Wall Street business group, hastening to the aid of such a wounded brigand as Mr. Samuel Insull. He speaks forthrightly and favorably about government ownership of water power, and yet one does not know to what extent he was behind the Power Trust propaganda of the last decade which the Federal Trade Commission has ventilated, if not dissolved.

He has puzzled me. Which side of the fence is he on? Is he a business man or an industrialist; does he want in his heart the old order despite its disorderly fluctuations, or the balanced load of the new? When he thinks of his company, does he see a balance sheet first or a laboratory? What would Veblen have made of him?

Miss Tarbell makes almost nothing at all. He emerges from her *American Magazine* success story as a lofty pillar of cotton wool. Surely there is more to the man than this. Miss Tarbell once wrote a splendid and courageous book, "The History of the Standard Oil Company." It has cost the Rockefeller family millions, and Mr. Ivy Lee untold midnight exertion, to soften the impact of its revelations. Then something happened to Miss Tarbell. She produced a life of Judge Gary in which she knelt and washed the iron master's feet. Now she performs the same service for Mr. Young, the soap, if possible, being even softer, and the oil more pungent. I doubt if it is a service. It will not help Mr. Young to understand himself; it will not help the people of this country to appreciate his true significance. He is undoubtedly a powerful figure and demands competent analysis and interpretation—not showers of confetti and colored paper streamers flung by admiring ladies.

The gross facts of his life are given and they tell us something, to be sure. He was born of relatively poor farmer folk in upstate New York. Like a publisher of my acquaintance, he got such a stomach full of chores as a boy that he has scarcely taken a stroke of physical exercise since. He loathes golf, which endears him to me. He attended the village school, the county academy and, at great sacrifice to his parents, St. Lawrence University. Here his financial powers began to blossom, as evidenced by the meticulousness of his personal budget—$267.10 for the college year—and by his taking the college paper out of the red. He had determined on the law, and went to Boston to study, primarily because the girl who was to become his wife lived in Massachusetts. Harvard gave his impecuniosity short shrift, but Boston University was kinder. He worked his way through the three-year law course

* Owen D. Young. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $5.

This Week

"BENEDICT ARNOLD, PATRIOT AND TRAITOR."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"THE ANSWERING GLORY."
Reviewed by MARION C. DODD.

"BUSINESS LOOKS AT THE UNFORESEEN."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"MONEY FOR TOMORROW."
Reviewed by MYRON M. STRAIN.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

THUNDER AND DAWN.
Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS.

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in two years, and passed his bar examination in Salem.

He got a job in a Boston law office and proceeded to master the minutiæ of those trust estates, leaseholds, and small property claims which so envelope the town. I can sympathize with his labors, for some years later, as a cub accountant, I was auditing the same sort of material. One of his early triumphs was to clean up twenty-five leases of varying terms so that the Filene brothers might build their department store on the corner of Washington and Summer streets. "The patience and tact with which Young freed one piece after another until the block was disentangled for the big enterprise won him the lasting confidence of the important men behind the undertaking." He proceeded then to disentangle the property claims, which, reaching down from the surface of the good earth—they flow as I remember it to the exact center of the planet—had all but choked the new subway project. Young pleaded persuasively, and the subway was built. He very rarely carried a case to court; he went about "bargaining, adjusting, negotiating."

He entered the electrical industry through his firm's being retained by Stone and Webster. He was sent to Texas to negotiate public utility contracts. He returned characteristically with the signatures of the city fathers on the dotted line. As the representative of Stone and Webster he was bound sooner or later to meet —at right angles—the representatives of the Electric Bond and Share Company, a subsidiary of the General Electric Company, also interested in local franchises. The courts had finally to settle these conflicting territorial aspirations, and Mr. Charles E. Coffin, president of the General Electric, was greatly impressed by the ability of the opposing counsel. The thought evidently passed his mind, that here was a man too good to remain on the other side. In due time, he resigned from his firm to take charge of the law department of the General Electric with the title of Vice President.

From now on there is no stopping the young man. He gets into water power problems, labor problems, laboratory problems. With many of its officers conscripted for public service during the War, he practically runs the General Electric Company, now working day and night on searchlights, submarine detectors, and hundreds of other items for war use. He steps aside for a short time to find money for distressed street railways. Presently he is negotiating the radio patent pool—a very delicate business indeed. Presently he is arranging the control of the air for most of South America, with an eye on the Monroe Doctrine. Presently he is organizing the International Chamber of Commerce.

In 1932, he is made Chairman of the Board, with Girard Swope as President. The two men understand each other thoroughly. They work out a company union for all the company's plants that certainly is far in advance of general industrial practice. Company unions, however, are company unions. They may keep working men quiet; they solve no fundamental problem. He joins President Harding's conference on unemployment and learns once and for all the significance of the basic cancer of capitalism.

Now he is on the ocean, studying German reparations from a trunk full of documents, kindly provided by Mr. Secretary Hoover. Now he is telling Mr. Dawes how to set up the Dawes Plan. He says repeatedly that Germany can pay only in goods, but the schedules call for cash. Germany has not the cash, and, in a few years, he is on the ocean again getting ready to reduce the schedules one-third by the famous Young Plan. He receives the homage and congratulations of a grateful world. The only trouble seems to be that Germany still is shy of cash, and promises to be for an indefinite future period. Mr. Young would have done better, in my opinion, if he had had a little conference with Mr. John Maynard Keynes on the occasion of his first ocean voyage, had then announced briefly that blood is not to be had from stones, and taken the next boat home. His negotiations, while marvels of astuteness combined with friendly decency, only postponed the evil day. The day unfortunately has arrived.

In this factual record, I can see Mr. Young as perhaps the world's outstanding negotiator; I can see a man of tremendous ability as a corporation lawyer; I can see occasional flashes of philosophical insight into fundamental problems—but I cannot see an industrialist rather than a business man, on Veblen's definition. A less unctuous and more discriminating biography might have allowed me to see one. Certainly, it would not have left me with this baffled uncertainty. Where Mr. Young belongs, what his significance is, where he is going, I have no clear idea whatsoever.

Sometimes I wonder whether he is not the last trump card in the deck of a doomed economic system. He may be called upon any day now to negotiate the survival of that ambiguous arrangement known as capitalism. But I fear that the majestic rhythms of history are not subject to negotiation.

Facsimile of a pen drawing of André, made by himself the night before his execution.

A Contradictory Career

BENEDICT ARNOLD, PATRIOT AND TRAITOR. By OSCAR SHERWIN. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $4.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, Military Racketeer. By EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE large amount of new material relating to the American Revolution that has become available in recent years cannot be said to have added greatly to what was already known about the career of Benedict Arnold, nor to have changed in any important respect the general judgment that had long been passed upon him. His personal virtues and vices, his public successes and failures, the affronts which he suffered and the resentments which he cherished have all been recognized for a long time, and about all that a new biographer could hope to do on the factual side was to amplify or correct details, sharpen the lines, and apportion more justly praise and blame. There was still left open, however, the question of emphasis, and particularly the evaluation of situations, influences, and motives, and it is to this problem, in addition to that of painstaking research and orderly narration, that Mr. Sherwin and Mr. Sullivan have turned their attention. They could hardly have done otherwise with a career which mingled patriotism and treason, devotion and self-seeking, recognition and rebuff as did that of Arnold.

Of the two, Mr. Sherwin conforms more closely to the usual canons of history and biography. In the main, he is content to tell the story and let comment or intimation take second place. He describes in lively fashion, and at times with exceptional literary effectiveness, the dramatic incidents of Arnold's life, sketches with skill the political, social, and military background of Arnold's varied activities, and spares neither Arnold nor other leaders in his general appraisal of events. Like most other writers who have lately dealt with the Revolution, he exhibits both the darker and the brighter sides, the incompetence and petty politics along with the devoted labors and high motives. On the question of Arnold's treason, on the other hand, he inclines to extenuation. Regarding the first investigation of Arnold's accounts, covering expenditures and property seizures from the beginning of the Quebec expedition on through the Canadian campaigns to the battle of Valcour Island in Lake Champlain, he finds that while "some items seemed to give color to the charges of peculation and fraud," Arnold in fact was "merely extravagant. He saw his soldiers hungry, ragged, sick, and he was not the man to hesitate in using his money and credit to supply their wants. Besides, an officer in command of starving troops in an enemy's country might, one would have supposed, be permitted some latitude." It was the fault of Congress, apparently, that it "declined to consider the circumstances."

Mr. Sherwin is clear that "no more unfit appointment" than that of military commander at Philadelphia after the British withdrawal could have been given to Arnold, and he points to Arnold's associations there, and especially the appeal of Philadelphia loyalists, as helping to alienate him from the American cause. It was Arnold's debts, however, "rapidly piling up" and apparently not to be extinguished save with British gold, that "above all" turned the scale. "Without the guinea to soothe the hurt, there might have been no treason." Mr. Sherwin is convinced that Arnold's young wife, Peggy Shippen, was an accomplice in the treason plans, and seems to credit the story which Aaron Burr told of her alleged confession.

Mr. Sullivan, who incidentally dismisses the Burr story with the remark that Burr's word was as good as his bond and neither had much value, gives us an Arnold who "from the first to last, at all times and in any situation . . . had but one loyalty or heartfelt interest. That was the furtherance of his own corrupt and heedless ambitions. Not a moment's scruple or sentimental dalliance halted his bullying and jostling course direct to disgrace." From the moment when he bullied the selectmen of New Haven into giving him the keys of the powder-house so that his men might be equipped for the march to Boston after the Lexington skirmish, down to the time when he decided to go over to the British, Arnold is represented as pushing his way to the front, often at odds with his superiors, asserting his own ideas about fighting or campaigning, and on the lookout for money without too much regard to how it was obtained. In fairness to Mr. Sullivan it must be said that Arnold's amazing energy, audacity, and courage and his quick grasp of critical situations are also emphasized, and there are times in the narrative when it would seem that even Mr. Sullivan regards him as a hero and inspired leader of men, but the net effect of the picture is the intimation that Arnold, while doubtless a patriot when an enemy was to be fought, was at bottom a patriot for what he could get out of it.

The presentation of this aspect of Arnold's life would have been more convincing if Mr. Sullivan, in addition to working the racketeering theory less assertively, had curbed his reportorial style and held his sarcasm and phrase-making in leash. A good many readers will be likely to conclude, notwithstanding the evidence which is marshalled, that Mr. Sullivan has overstated his case. He at least has not discredited the supposition that the burden of Arnold's debts, coming as it did at the end of a long record of extravagant and imperious ways with money, did no more than give a final impulse to a treasonable design whose principal source was in his anger and chagrin at the action of Congress in withholding the honors which were his due, and his own doubt about the ultimate success of the American cause. Disappointment and irritation found a favoring soil in a nature deeply seamed with moral instability, conceit, and ambition, and found it more easily because the soil was fertilized by contact, at a critical period, with a loyalist sentiment which continued strong in most parts of the country until the end of the war. It was open to Mr. Sullivan to stress the element of personal character in Arnold's downfall, and no student of the American Revolution can afford to neglect his book, but it may also be suggested that the interpretation is not the only one that the events will bear.

Through Difficult Ways

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

THIS title is incomplete in its suggestion, for Mrs. Seymour's book is a study not merely and not primarily of the eternal mistress and the perennial maid but of the age-old see-saw of marital contacts, as seen through the eyes of one on the other side of the pantry or the nursery door. For this purpose the author sets her conjugal stage fairly, giving her actors every chance. In other words she chooses for her observer a young girl who, in spite of the plainest ancestry and the handicap of her own illegitimate birth, is naturally equable, industrious, and possessed of kindly feelings and a clean mind. She is, therefore, not looking for trouble, and more than mere ignorance holds her from its quick perception of understanding. She is long untouched by what is going on in the mysterious levels just above her ministrations and also just above her understanding,—untouched and yet dimly troubled, as one ménage succeeds another, all just not right, somehow. But how? To the reader it is made only too sadly clear, but Sally never discovers exactly, or not at first—though other domestic denizens, less straightminded, are always ready to tell her their prying ideas of the truth, if she could bear to listen. But she clings to loyalty and optimism.

Inevitably, however, life wears her down a bit, and her own youthfulness loses its edge. So the reader is not too surprised when her own experiences at last begin to engulf her in the same ill-assorted mixtures of joy and pain which she has felt flowing about her for so long. Nor is Sally any better able to handle the tangle when her own need arises. The book closes with Sally out of a place in two senses, but, her head still up, all she knows to do about it is to look for another situation.

The book is more than a mere study of sexual maladjustments. As it proceeds it develops into a wider study of the potentialities and limitations of human beings stumbling through difficult ways. There is little humor to be met, but much penetration, and scorn or sympathy is felt in the exposition as occasion arises. The characters throughout are genuinely realized, and the author has command of a finished style.

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Fiction by Paint

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. By CLAIRE SPENCER. New York: Harrison Smith, Inc. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

CLAIRE SPENCER'S previous novel, "Gallows' Orchard," was a brilliant piece of writing, which reconstructed, with the hard clarity of the background of a Lombard painting, a scene and a story from a Scottish past. The characters in that book, and especially the heroine, had the definiteness of reminiscence. The harsh little village, fanatical and unfriendly, the misunderstood woman, both belonged to a familiar pattern, yet the vividness of the style and a passion in the book gave an illusion of reality.

"The Quick and the Dead" is a more ambitious, a more impressive, and also a less satisfactory performance. The author has left the narrow, rhythmical pattern of Scotland for the confusion of New York. Her harmonies, like the lace on Paula's slip, are cut through deliberately to show what must be shown in a calamitous story. Her characters are made of speeches and descriptions, which might have made them seem real enough in another scene where we have conventions to go by, but cannot make them convincing in unformulated contemporary New York. We read brilliance—brilliance of artistic talk, brilliance particularly of metaphoric description, we see the image but do not accept it into the imagination because it floats loose like a soap bubble.

Miss Spencer is a painter, as many good writers have been, yet even without that knowledge I think that a critic would have called this painter's fiction. The composition is excellent. Pierre, the hero, is hated by his mother, and is driven upon life in search for compensation. One woman has wrecked him and her mark upon his brow attracts all other women, precisely as in a school of predatory fish a wounded one attracts all the rest. He is a narcissist, with the self-regarding passions and the sudden needs of an artist. First the vague and clammy Laura wishes to mother him, then the luxurious prostitute Paula, then the nurse of the hospital. His self, wounded and morbidly bleeding from his mother's hate, is preyed upon by these women, each of whom gives him something he needs, with the result that he is flung from one to another, craving quiet and sympathy from Laura, sensuality from Paula, health and morale from the nurse, until she is driven to suicide.

It is a brilliant plot, quite unrealized. Pierre is a talking complex, pathetic, psychologically just, but done like one of his own flowing lines, in a series of suggestions like someone told about in a muttered conversation; Laura and Paula are all specific description, their skin and flesh and hair and odor vividly present in the page. One sees them constantly as in a painting, but never joins body and spirit in a synthesis which becomes a personality. And, characteristically, Miss Spencer is at her best with the chorus, the wisecracking artist, Willie, and Lavinia, his overfed mistress. They are lifted whole from a speak-easy, but never except for brief moments seem to get their bright naturalness into the plane of the story.

Miss Spencer has an extraordinary power over imagery, too much power, and too little control. She can paint anything in words and there are incidental descriptions in this book which make most recent fiction seem pale by comparison. She has no reticences and will handle the spilling entrails of a dog or a fornication with the same eager detachment of an artist that she applies to the marvelous bit of Connecticut landscape, caught in the early morning after Pierre's marriage to Laura. And this, I think, is what is wrong with this remarkable story. It is a novel written by a painter far more interested in the appearance of events than in events themselves, more interested in the face or breast or leg as a contour of lights, shadows, and suggestion than as a symbol and part of personality. Hence her novel is a gallery of pictures in which sound too has been recruited by this artist, who wishes to work in two dimensions, but not in three. I choose just one quotation, taken literally at random. Pierre is speaking after his first onset of lust:—

> When the dawn came clanging in he found himself in Central Park, standing on a rock, trailing his eyes across the façades of the dawn-lit buildings. The sun was eating their structures up; they stood like chloroformed monsters, incapable of objection. The sun poured its acid on their heavy backs. They stood, tears dripping from their many windows. . . .
>
> The birds in the undernourished trees woke up deliciously, twiddling their voices to gushing freshness. Their various intonations landed like a shower of spotted perfume on Peter's lustful heart, calming and correcting it.

I have exaggerated the pictorial elements in this novel, because they are both its failure and its success. They make the story fail because they fatigue the nerves and substitute a battery of visual images for that participation in imagined life which is the *raison d'être* of fiction. Yet they are, at least, its indication for the possibility of future success, because no one can deny the vigor, freshness, and sincerity of Miss Spencer's images, if only she can control them in the service of fiction. There is a true confusion of the *genres* in this book. Miss Spencer is an artist in the broadest sense who has not yet made herself a novelist.

Eight Stories

THIRTY CLOCKS STRIKE THE HOUR. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.50.

THIS book contains eight stories; the longest of them, "The Death of Noble Godavery," which occupies almost half the book, should perhaps be called a novelette, while some others are merely sketches. They are all exquisite, and nearly all a little thin and fragile. Miss Sackville-West possesses a style which, while it never calls attention to itself unduly, is singularly haunting and evocative; it is an ideal instrument for stirring the reader's emotion, and at their rare best these stories are very moving, very *troublants*. But in the construction of the story which is to be the vehicle for her emotions to reach ours, the author is far less happy. Some of these stories descend to the most threadbare formulas, like "An Unborn Visitant," in which an intensely proper young lady of Edward the Seventh's reign, all virginal tremors at the distant prospect of marriage, is visited by the jazz-age daughter she is to bear. Miss Sackville-West has shown that she can draw the Edwardians with humor and charm, but the old Connecticut-Yankee device for throwing an earlier period into relief is really unworthy of her. Still worse is "Pomodoro," in which a young Englishman is captivated by the idyllic life of an Italian fishing village, and wishes to marry a fisher-girl, who marries a returned emigrant, a "base mechanical," who will take her to the wonders of New York, and none of the visual and emotional beauty of her presentation of the village can help such a situation. If these are too simple, "The Death of Noble Godavery" is too complex; there is plenty of preparation, in the boding account of the household of gloomy, hypocritical Lake Country landowners, the Italian peasant wife of one of them, and the ruthless half-Italian daughter; there is also a more than sufficient catastrophe; but the catastrophe does not seem to follow naturally from the beginning; the story is made up of almost unrelated attacks upon our emotions.

The most valuable stories in the book are those in which the author has troubled least to provide a suitable intellectual basis for her emotional effects, but has frankly aimed at them directly. Such is the title piece, which merely describes a great-grandmother living in a vast Parisian palace, escaping once from her nurses and servants to come and stand alone in the long suite of drawing-rooms, until their thirty clocks strike, and she goes back again. Such also is "Gottfried Künstler," a medieval story that is almost a fable or a fairy tale. Here Miss Sackville-West's power of striking beautifully diminishing overtones has a subject made for it; "Gottfried Künstler" has an ethereal beauty and a human appeal that remind one of "The Snow Queen" itself.

Wrath Dissembled

SOFT ANSWERS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the far away days of the Imagist movement in poetry few could have foreseen Richard Aldington's particular excursions into prose. But then even as late as 1914 none of us were foreseeing the Great War that played such havoc with life and art. It was only after the war, and some time after the war, that Aldington turned to prose fiction, displaying an astringent bitterness and irony in "Death of a Hero." Having written that out of his war experience he

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

drew upon like material for the short stories, "Roads to Glory," and then gave us a strongly satirical novel in "The Colonel's Daughter." Now comes a second book of short stories.

Aldington has the true "salty mind." His often most amusing and often cleansingly bitter style is arrayed against sham. And he has style. The training given by the practice of poetry where words must be so carefully weighed is an excellent thing for the prose writer. Often, despite their native power, one can only deplore the prolixity and leaden verbiage of our realists. Aldington is a realist, but he wields words as rapiers. Opening his new book entirely at random I come upon this sentence:

> We all create little conventions of superiority for ourselves and our associates, to decorate our nullity with a quiff, and to hide from ourselves the immense apathy of the stars.

It is from what is probably the best story in this book, the story that concerns the strange character of Constance, entitled "Now Lies She There," and subtitled "An Elegy." If the woman in the story has a slight touch of Green Hattishness the portrait is nevertheless incisive and memorable. But as I analyze the five other stories in the volume, and all of them are long, I come from style to content and find the content running pretty thin for the length of the tales. One only I found hard reading, "Nobody's Baby," an extended account of a charlatan that finally bores. One wonders that so much pains was expended upon it. The others are readable enough. When expressive language obeys a writer, as it does Aldington, one is carried along. But the woman-ruled Oswald of "Yes, Aunt," and the thorough cad, Harold, in "A Gentleman of England," might, it seems to me, have been disposed of more effectively in shorter compass. "Stepping Heavenward" sounds as though it were suggested by the case of T. S. Eliot in regard to the Church. It is most amusing but distinctly limited in its interest. The last story, "Last Straws," is notable only for its manner. When one examines what is actually in it, it is even a thrice-told tale. "Stepping Heavenward" is, to me, the cleverest piece of work in the book. And what I like all through the book is Aldington's penetration into the bogusness of various manifestations of dear old human nature. But I think his stories in this volume leave a good deal to be desired as to structure. He is a fluent writer and what usually saves him is the obvious enjoyment he experiences in dissecting odious characters. He is quite an acute psychologist. But he has already proved that he can do far more than merely pin to the board a scratch lot of lepidoptera. Perhaps he should always give himself more scope. I am not at all sure that the short story is his form. His publishers call this collection "six short novels." And yet they are not novels, either. One particular tendency he should guard against, to render his satire wholly effective, is that toward caricature. "A Gentleman of England" comes perilously near to that, and even in his novel, "The Death of a Hero," his hatred for certain types of Early Victorians led him into unreal exaggeration.

A Black Face Watching

THE ANSWERING GLORY. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

MR. HUTCHINSON has written a dramatic and moving story of a South African missionary and of the indomitable spirit of all missionaries. His book is planned with a series of unusual and appealing backgrounds, contrasts, and final echoes which lend every possible force to his narrative and an artistic unity to the whole. He knows his South African island savage and his vagabond, illicitly trading sea-captain; he knows his down-at-heel London landlady and her clients; he knows also his modern young woman collegian with her lively lingo, her ruthless, penetrating vision, and her sound heart beneath. Of such diverse elements is the book made, with no sentimentality and with much terse and forcible writing.

Miss Thompson is young and courageous when the opening chapter leaves her at Sao Maharo. She is a physical wreck when, forty years later, Captain Jornay, summoned by a young savage finds her prostrated by fever and pneumonia and removes her forcibly to England. He thinks to save her life, but the rude transplanting and the inability to recover enough strength to return to her forsaken "children" are too much for her spent forces, though she tries heroically to elude detaining hands and smuggle herself upon an African ship. That, her dazed mind thinks, is all that is needed to begin her cure—sea air and the knowledge that she is on the way to fulfil her promise of return. Even the desperate experience of her recent attempt to lecture upon missionary work before the lively young students at Huntersfield College has not proved to her that anything is really wrong—that her bewildering fatigue and prostration will not soon pass. She fights on; but a half-packed trunk is the end of her achievement. However, one young student has found in the visit of the little old missionary a sudden unexpected answer to her own sense of disillusionment and erratic lack of purpose in life. For Barbara a bell has rung in the midst of banter and futility, and not long afterwards, in Cape Town, Captain Jornay, now battered and bedraggled, is confronted with a very modern young girl who demands to be taken to Sao Maharo. Nothing will turn her back, not even the squalid discomfort of this last lap of the long journey, in his little vessel. And nothing for him will explain this amazing echo of the past, but at least it will lay the haunting ghost of poor Miss Thompson—whose life he saved but wrecked, and for whose return a black face still keeps patient watch from a high rock on the island.

The book is concerned not at all with any question of the value or futility of missionary work; merely with the driving force of the missionary spirit in human beings, and, in this case at least, of its validity in developing a strange, vital relationship with primitive souls. The reader looking for something unusual will find here much that is interesting and appealing.

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A Mass Production Era

BUSINESS LOOKS AT THE UNFORESEEN. By WALLACE BRETT DONHAM. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1932.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IF we had more men studying the depression and its causes with the candor and freedom from preconceived ideas that characterize the work of Dean Donham, we might have fewer and weaker depressions. That a man who holds the trust of business men sufficiently to be director in a half a dozen great corporations and at the same time commands sufficient respect from the educational fraternity to be Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, will set forth clearly and candidly the facts of our present problem is encouraging for all those who are working on its solution.

During the last thirty years there has been one outstanding event in our economic history. It is not the war, nor the arrival of the United States at creditor status, nor the increase in speed of communications through the airplane and the radio, nor any other of a dozen significant events. All of these are of importance, but the one thing that has changed the whole face of our economy is the coming of mass production.

Mass production has transformed what has been called a "deficit" economy, in which more production was the great need, into a "surplus" economy, in which the rate of consumption is quite as important as the rate of production. Not all of our economists have absorbed into their economic thinking the far-reaching implications of mass production. They name it, describe its processes with conveyor belts carrying the product while each worker does one specific act upon it, and they speak of the great increase in productive power which it entails. But the fact that it has placed upon industry the responsibility for creating a market for its output as well as producing it, often escapes their attention. Only as it provides that market, only as its product is consumed, does either the product or the machines which produce it have any value. The measure of value of industrial property is no longer its producing power. The only measure of value in a mass production era is the consumption of goods.

This is the reason that none of the efforts made thus far to lead us out of the economic morass into which we have plunged has accomplished any striking result. None of them has been directed to the increase of consuming power. Yet it is perfectly impossible for business to experience any revival or values to assume an upward trend until consumption increases. That is the *sine qua non* of our economic rehabilitation.

All this is implicit in Dean Donham's discussions of our economic plight and the prospects before business. His awareness of these things informs his whole book with a clarity and a reality which is lacking—alas!—in so many earnest treatises on economics. Who called it the "dismal science"? It may have been "dismal" in the deficit days when that epithet was applied to it. But it is not economics that is dismal in these surplus days. It is our social failure to appreciate what has happened that is dismal. We insist upon treating a motorcar exactly as we used to treat a horse. It must periodically be brought back to the stable to be fed the dead stalks of deflation, bankruptcy, and general misery. All it really needs is a few gallons of the gasoline of consuming power and it will run on indefinitely.

Dean Donham recognizes the complexity of our economic structure and its widely ramified operations. He is not so simple as to propose a "planning board" which will prescribe the scope and details of future industrial activities. A man on a ship at sea may have little knowledge of the workings of the great mechanism, but when she rolls he automatically shifts his position to avoid being thrown off his feet. It is quite possible to set up similar protective automatic compensations in the economic world, elastic enough to help and not hamper business.

While we are working out such compensating mechanism, the author points out one or two other matters of first rate importance, which we shall have to take account of. Foremost among these is the fact that foreign trade as we have thought of it in the past has little place in the present scheme of things. A world full of industrial nations cannot live by their trading with one another any more than the peasants in the Russian village could live by taking in each other's washing. We may inveigh against high tariffs and other hindrances to international trade until we are blue in the face, but human nature is human nature and there will be no disappearance of tariffs so long as tariffs have, or seem to have, a beneficial effect upon sufficiently powerful interests in each nation. Under these circumstances we should do better to adjust our own economy to our own demands than to work against the tide by attempting to increase the sale abroad of unwanted goods. In any case it is sheer defeatism to insist that recovery in this country must wait upon recovery abroad. The reverse is nearer the truth.

WALLACE B. DONHAM

While Dean Donham mentions some specific plans, he neither wholly indorses any nor proposes an all-inclusive remedy of his own. In a few pregnant sentences, however, he characterizes the nature of the plan that is needed.

> Henceforth, high real wages and continuous work are a condition precedent to good business. In the future the distribution of purchasing power among masses of people will be more important to the continuance of good business than the rapid accumulation of fixed capital. . . . While the products of our great mass production industries are not in general necessities to the men who buy them, buyers are necessary to the companies which sell them.

There in a nutshell is the essence of mass production economics. It may not be readily fitted to the oldtime injunctions to save and invest. Those injunctions received their moral sanctions in a world where they were good economics also. That their moral power should be undermined by the fact that they no longer fit the economic world, may be regrettable, but it cannot alter reality. We have entered a world in which it is just as important to spend as it is to save. It is not radicalism to recognize this fact. "The most radical doctrine widely held in this country is this doctrine of a return to the good old days when economic forces were unimpeded." The most dangerous radical today is the man who proposes to solve our existing problem by rules which have ceased to be valid. If he can read this analysis by Dean Donham and still hold to his outworn creeds, he is doubly dangerous.

Apropos of our recent editorial, Bookbuyer's Complaint, Professor Jacob Viner of the University of Chicago sends in the following apt quotation from Carlyle:

"The book-trade, every one cries, is done; the public has ceased to buy books; which step, as I often answer, seems simply the wisest in that respect the public has taken since I knew it. 'Long enough,' the public hereby exclaims, 'have ye fed me on froth and coagulated water; I will have some more solid nourishment, or starve.'"

Economics for Laymen

MONEY FOR TOMORROW. By W. E. WOODWARD. New York. Horace Liveright. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MYRON M. STRAIN

THERE is something fantastic as well as sinister in the predicament in which the world finds itself today. Never before in the history of the race has there been such an adequate store of everything needful for the physical well-being of everyone. Never before has there been so complete a solution available to the problems of preventing hunger and providing shelter and security, problems that have bedevilled the human imagination since the dawn of time. And now, through some incredible and fabulous stupidity, we have contrived to lock ourselves out of our own treasure houses and, while we are fussing fatuously for the key, whole army divisions of our population starve and freeze.

The scope and depth of the imbecility betrayed by this tragic muddle is a commentary on the state of human intelligence and dignity that is appalling and humiliating. The catastrophe is a simon-pure result of unalloyed blundering. No one wanted it, no one now wants it or benefits from it, except a few recipients of assured fixed incomes, and no one wants it to continue. But no one to whom the timid and ignorant masses of our population are willing to entrust the power to do anything about it has a clear enough head or sharp enough wits to know what to do. Our industrial and financial chieftains are down with sheer hysteria, and are of no more use than a swooning father in a delivery room. Our politicians, feebler witted than the industrial leaders in the first place, and feverish with terror about their jobs in addition, have simply passed all the boundaries of the imaginable in asininity, until it begins to appear that another year or two of unbroken development may very possibly convert about a quarter of our whole population into homeless and hungry vagabonds.

Timed to explode at this particular juncture of affairs, Mr. Woodward's "Money for Tomorow" ought to produce a very wholesome and ponderable effect. It brings to bear upon the economic scene the same firm grasp of essentials, competence of organization, and energy of execution that characterized the author's earlier work in biography. It is addressed to the average literate man, not to the economist. Its subject matter probably lies closer to that average man's present interests than any other phase of human living in the year 1932. Its data are comprehensive and based on authoritative sources. Its presentation is vigorous, deft, and informed with an agreeable and appropriate malice. And its conclusions and recommendations, finally, have a very unusually high ratio of plausibility. All in all, I not only recommend "Money for Tomorrow" to the average literate person because I think that it will interest and inform him; I also feel that it is a sort of social duty to induce as many people as possible to read it.

I do not mean to imply by this that Mr. Woodward has made a great or original contribution to the so-called "science" of economics. Obviously he has not intended to do anything of the sort. The material that he uses is common property and most of the conclusions that he has drawn from it have been drawn before. The prime service he has rendered has been that of assembling this material into coherent and significant order and of translating it into terms free from the mathematical formulas, technical jargon, and studied dulness of the professional economist. In his hands it takes on meaning to the non-professional reader, and color and import, too. It comes out of the realm of metaphysical speculation and is endowed with substance and pressing moment in human affairs. It acquires living heroes and villains, and its exposition converts the tale of our financier-ridden industry, and unemployment, and price levels, and agricultural bankruptcy and deflation, from abstractions into the most human and intimate of narratives. This is, of course, what they should be. They are of the essence of contemporary life and, once they are dealt with competently, all other things may very probably be added unto us.

It is not fair to the author of a book of this sort to summarize his conclusions without being able to present his premises. Briefly, however, we may say that Mr. Woodward's tangible and immediate remedial proposal is the use of governmental credit to support consumer purchasing power. He opposes strenuously the further lowering of that power by the proposed governmental economies and tax increases. In spite of incidental heresies, most intelligent economists would appear to be in agreement so far. The immediate means by which it is proposed to get the proceeds of governmental borrowings into consumers' hands is through a temporary "dole" to be called "industrial loans." Here, although agreement will be likely to stop, it must be conceded that the case is presented with great persuasiveness. It would be idle, of course, to expect such a book to secure unanimous agreement on all of its propositions, and unnecessary to its real usefulness. Moreover, it must be admitted that the high head of steam under which it is written makes for occasional recklessness, which furnishes opportunity to his opponents. It seems to me that he is sometimes not above chopping logic and leaping agilely from a scarlet premise to a verdigrian conclusion. Sometimes he is careless in his use of words—the word "value" is a handy illustration. "Value" is one of the most subjective words in English, and Mr. Woodward quarrels on the subject of value through several pages with opponents who are talking about a thing wholly different from that about which Mr. Woodward is talking.

But I do not regard these defects as very important. They are infrequent in number and minor in significance. In the overwhelming main, "Money for Tomorrow" is soundly informed and very realistic and rational in its ideas. In every respect it is generically different from and superior to the flood of utopian panaceas that our presses are currently emitting. It will capture your absorbed and horrified interest and provoke you into getting to grips with the central core of the problems of our time.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

YEAR BEFORE LAST. By KAY BOYLE. *Harrison Smith.*

A tale, of markedly poetic quality, recounting the experiences of a young woman in the *milieu* of Monte Carlo.

THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC CRISIS AND THE WAR OF ESCAPE. *Century.*

A study of the depression by a group of experts, including Sir Arthur Salter to whose "Recovery" it forms an excellent pendant.

PUPPETS IN YORKSHIRE. By WALTER WILKINSON. *Stokes.*

Vagabond ramblings in the English countryside.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol 8. No. 47.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXII. MOUSE HEART

"DEAR Miss Mac," Richard wrote the next day. "Business has been good here, as you will see by enclosed orders. Some of the boys haven't been so lucky. Pete Sampson of Dill was telling me his orders at Sheehan's were so light he asked if they wanted the goods shipped by carrier pigeon. Can't get away from it, our Fall list is O.K. I'm putting plenty of pressure on *Carbon Paper,* Bessie Beaton came through with fifty and fifty more On Sale. I feel pretty punk though, because Daisy blew in unexpectedly last night and gummed things a bit. Mrs. Beaton was taken sick in the room up at the hotel, I had her lie down a while and rest, Daisy butts in and finds her there and thinks it's an intreague. If she makes trouble on this I hope you'll back me up. Also I called up home to see if everything was all right and the wife cuts off on me. You know that makes a fellow feel rotten.

"Was glad to get your wire this morning. I had to stay over longer than I expected on account of Bessie Beaton, but checked everything with her this A.M. She is all set, it was only some shrimps that went the wrong way, but it certainly knocked her for a while. Even her hair looked sick. Am taking train for Chi this afternoon. Be sure to send me that extra display material to the Blackstone, I want to make a killing with Marshall Field.

"Pete Sampson was telling me of a horse some of the boys put over on him, or thought they did. It seems he got a hunch he ought to visit Chatham's bookshop up in Michigan City, none of the trade had called on that account in years and they told him Miss Ludlow would like to see a salesman. They give him a song and dance about her being a willowy blonde and wonderful company. He packs his bag and beats it up there, in a blizzard too. When he arrives and shakes the snow off his hat he asks for Miss Ludlow. She turns out to be a dark wizzened little old maid, homely as a monkey. But the joke was on The Boys, for she was starving to be sold—he came back with a stock order for $4,000. I was just wondering whether I wouldn't better visit that account next trip. Ask Sam what he thinks. Best regards to all, I hope checks are going to Lucy O.K.

"Sincerely
"RICHARD ROE."

In one of his conferences with Miss Mac she showed Hubbard this letter. Hubbard had been feeling discouraged. Only a divine purview and charity, he suspected, could put significance into his fragmentary record of Roe. "I've been reading some books," he said, "both novels and biographies, to see how it's done. They all seem to have some form, arrangement or plan; convey some moral. But this cyclorama of Richard—Richard the Mouse-Heart—seems meaningless. Also I begin to fear it's immoral."

Miss Mac was a helpful person to lean on in moments of doubt. Her gray eyes were so large and clear behind her polished glasses it was natural to suppose that she saw more than most people. Her voice was so quiet that it lent an air of oracle to casual utterance. Her gray hair and rich bulky bosom were sedative in an era when most women seemed unnecessarily puerile and chattery. She had the tranquil tolerance attained by elderly virgins.

"It's queer that men are so easily shocked," she said. "Even when they outgrow being scandalized by other people, they still get terribly shocked at themselves. Why can't you just put down what you learn without adopting an attitude about it? Just imagine you're translating from a foreign language—like Russian—and you're not responsible for the sentiments."

"I'm trying to," Hubbard said, "but I can't seem to find any pattern. I'd like to be able to sum things up into a conclusion. The kind of wise remarks that a publisher puts on the jacket of a book—This means so-and-so."

"I guess that's because you used to be an accountant," she suggested. "You want to make a balance sheet out of everything. Maybe life doesn't balance like that. There's an unaccountable surplus. Looking for a pattern *is* adopting an attitude; a very intense kind of attitude." "That's true," he exclaimed. "Sometimes we're so close to the pattern we can't make it out—but if we sort of lay back and pretend not to be looking for it, it becomes plain."

What a singularly wise person Miss Mac is, he thought. Queer that she had saved those letters of Richard's—she must have taken pains to preserve them when the files were cleaned out every few years. Was that also part of the elusive pattern? How much of life she had seen, sitting behind a typewriter in the Erskine office for thirty years. She knew, without being told, so much that poets and novelists make a clamor about. Solid as a lighthouse on the end of a breakwater she had watched the deep-sea traffic go by—proud vessels making steadily for port, others fog-bound outside, some piled up on reefs or unreported forever. Perhaps all novels should be written by people like Miss Mac, bulky and generous women with nothing to condemn — except other women. She preferred men; they were absurd but generous. How many of them she must have seen, in the full comedy of their excited fancies, in the dexterity of business where they are most charming. Yes, what a book *she* could write! On that rubbery and resilient bosom, how she could console the fretful babe of human consciousness. . . .

"You *think* too much," she said. "Narrate!"

Hubbard looked so startled that Miss Mac realized it was not yet time to tell him one or two episodes he would have to consider. He wasn't ripe for them, he must grow up to them gradually.

He looked again at the old letter, written on hotel stationery in Richard's rather formless hand. "Did Daisy try to make trouble over the Bessie Beaton incident?"

"Sure she did. She had her own good reasons, the tart. She went out to that Poetry Convention in Detroit because her fancy man, Johnny Jonquil, was going to be there. So of course she was specially sore when she supposed anyone else was shunting cars up a side-track. She figured that picking on Richard would be a good smoke-screen. She made a noise about it to Sam, but I laid for her in the washroom. I told her if she didn't quit, I'd tip off poor old T. Bannister to some of her capers.—Just the same, she managed to make things uncomfortable for Richard in the long run. That was what really started him thinking about a business of his own."

But if the novels were written by Miss Mac they would be too simplified. Her unruffled acceptance of humanity's prime factors is a great gift, but not the complete one. Doubt, pain, and folly, all the trickeries of choice and chance, are part of the story. Hubbard, though slow and too painstaking, had valuable intuitions. He remembered a Parisian critic who said, when the lucidity of French literature was praised, "That is our trouble. We need more obscurity." He had divined that Richard was flexible, an awkward freight to pack in the neat octavo of a book. Stuff him carefully in here, he slips out elsewhere. How little, for instance, that letter to Miss Mac said of what he was thinking.

On the afternoon train to Chicago, Richard experienced one of those intensities of quiet which are travellers' privilege. A small dose of Time, the fatal drug, is condensed in pellet form, enclosed in a transparent soluble capsule so it can be swallowed without pang. In the entrails the sour medicine works unnoticed; elsewhere heavy weights of destiny may be shifting, but in the mind, for a few hours, all seems poised in even balance. Thought actually feels itself consider.

He was aware, with quickened sense, of the reality of what he had just left. He could see all that area of life persisting its affairs: in the great murmur of Hack Brothers, Bessie Beaton's white head alert in the book department; Minnie Hutzler's black brows conning her crowded stationery aisle. The rumble of the train made him hum to himself the rather melancholy tune of *Tipperary*. Like most men he was proud of his humming and found himself wishing there were someone to appreciate it. Since Bessie Beaton had recovered so quickly it was a pity he and Miss Hutzler had not had one or two more dances. She was easy to dance with; he had not even looked down at his feet as he usually did. But in spite of these consoling thoughts his mood was solemn. The broken phone call still ached; and he was both annoyed and alarmed by the silly dispute with Daisy. Certainly she'll try to tie a can to my tail, he thought. Even his attempts to cheer himself up reacted unfavorably: he said aloud, "When you find yourself saying maybe things aren't as bad as you think, they're usually a good deal worse." And then another typically masculine sophism occurred to him—that one might as well do some of the wrongs for which he will be held guilty anyway.

Certainly no one who saw him there, watching Michigan spin by, would have guessed that his mind was so crowded with question marks—he could almost feel them hovering over him, as cartoonists love to indicate the perplexity of their clowns. In a dull twinge of homesickness he carried Lucille and Gladys with him, the fire-escaped vista of 114th Street, the crags of Morningside Park. A score of bookstores, loaded with the heavy furniture of shelves and titles, moved flittingly beside him like the shadow of the train; and like any decent salesman he conceived himself envoy of the virtue of his firm. Far behind him bells were ringing in the office, Sam Erskine was chewing his cigar, Miss Mac ticking arpeggios of accuracy on the typewriter, the old darky out in the stockroom hammering cases of books, the girls in the mail-order department, recovered from their lunch-hour hysterias of giggle, were in the thick of the mid-afternoon pressure. He must not let them down. "Representing Erskine Brothers," he said to himself with satisfaction. He idealized the imprint of a quite commonplace enterprise into a badge of honor. The long howl of the engine, sound that always floods the valves of travelling men, was a renewed trumpet call to the endless bicker of Selling Goods. All this would never have come to him in definite words. Speech has to be used in the actual process of business, but the simple mind evades it when possible. It is good to relax into those warm vague feelings which are older and wiser than words. Presently, emerging from a pure vacancy, he realized he had crossed a subtle frontier. His mind had turned forward to Chicago, and he was already framing the exact line of argument that should appeal to each various buyer.

No one approaches Chicago without some rise of spirits. Whether, by day, it is the Indiana sand dunes that catch the eye, or, by night, the fiery torches of her outlying steel mills, there is always magic in her neighborhood. The legend is that her name is the Indian word for wild onion; like that virid sprout she grows both rank and beautiful. It is no mere accident that has given her notoriety oftener than fame, for her temperament is unique. Gigantic in humor and audacity, whatever she does is in superlative degree. Whether blizzards, heat waves, esthetics or insolvencies, they all have the quality of completeness. Her fresh-water surf can look as angry as the Atlantic, and she has more authentic Old English chophouses than London itself. A peculiar twist of direction affects most visitors in Chicago. We usually imagine her as built at the foot of the Lake, whereas she is really on the western shore of it. As a result, the stranger supposes he is looking North from her noble Michigan Boulevard, when he is really looking East. Chicago looks East more than you suppose at first, or than she herself will admit. In her glorious assurance she sometimes feigns to look down on New York. Just the same, she looks. But surely she need not. One breath of her vital air and impossibilities of all sorts seem natural and plain. Leonardo da Vinci would have understood her. To make a river run backward, to put up a beacon as radiant as two square inches of the sun's surface, to call a garage a Greasing Palace, are triumphs Leonardo would have relished, or the old Greek who, when he said *Panta Rei,* meant Everything Goes. Do not say she has not tried to warn you: even her police whistles with their double birdlike note sound like the lovely omen of the cuckoo.

But that was after Richard's time. It was the Blackstone Hotel that had given him his first taste of the grandeur of being a Travelling Man. He never visited that luxurious place without a feeling of enhanced importance, which is good for morale. And perhaps it was typical of Chicago's glamorous air that on his way to the book department at Marshall Field's he noticed some exceptionally charming garters. He remembered the Dream Book, and had a pair sent to Miss Hutzler. In Chicago even the Mouse-Heart has moments of Leo.

(*To be continud*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

*White Oak Library**

I DECIDED to drive over to see about your White Oak Library account. If I were a good short story writer, I would get a great deal of enjoyment in presenting the events of the afternoon in a very picturesque manner.

D—— is in a very hilly and desolate section of Georgia. After surmounting two or three small mountains and fording several small streams I arrived in D——. Upon inquiry from the court clerk in the county court house, I was directed to see Colonel F., who is the solicitor general for the county. Colonel F. informed me that the White Oak Library was a fictitious name for a library, and that it was nothing more than a private library of A. B., who lives about eight or ten miles in the country. Colonel F. informed me that two years ago this boy purchased books from various companies in a total amount of about $2,000. The postal inspector was called, and the boy left the community. Colonel F. was surprised to learn he was back in the community, when I told him our account was made in the fall of 1931. Colonel F. said that most of the companies had asked him to obtain the books and send them back to them, and that about two years ago the boy's father brought in a wagon load of books which he classified by publishers and returned. He said that he had recently had information from Doubleday, Doran about some books in the amount of $40 or $50 and that he had written the boy's father to bring them in to D—— the first time he came. Colonel F. could not tell me just how to get to the place, so I inquired at the two stores in town to see if A.B. was in town, and the merchants stated they had not see him. So after inquiring from several boys, I finally located a young man who was willing to direct me to the farm. I told him I would give him $1 to go with me and help me locate the place, and it turned out this boy was a cousin by marriage to A. B.

(*Continued on page* 808)

* This letter was written to his home office by the Southern representative of a large publishing house. We print it, by permission, but without identification. As the letter indicates, there was never any "White Oak Library." The publisher's fair-minded comment is that "the situation is interesting and pathetic—as well as dangerous, both to the young man himself and to those publishers who have trusted him." With every sympathy for the ambitions of young A. B., it is only right to say that publishers and authors, who receive many appeals for free books, should be cautious of casual requests .

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SEASONAL AND REGIONAL

Plant Life

A MODERN HERBAL. By MRS. M. GRIEVE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

ONE of the notable responses which scholars made to the reports which filtered into Europe about the rediscovery of the Orient and the newly discovered America was a vivid interest in the plant life of the New World and the old East. This interest was immensely stimulated by the specimens of new species of trees, shrubs, and herbs which were early brought back by navigators and explorers. Naturally enough, interest in the new and strange plants set men to reëxamining the old and familiar species. Botany, long a handmaid of alchemy and medicine, and half paralyzed by the classic obscurities of Theophrastus and Dioscorides, experienced in the late fifteenth century a "revival of Learning."

The sixteenth century saw a long succession of great botanical works, in which the interest of the text, the excellence of type, wood-engraving, paper, and binding combined to produce superb books. These Renaissance Herbals contain all current botanical knowledge, much plant lore from classic and medieval sources, observations about the habits of plants, place of origin, and often biographical notes on the persons who discovered or introduced them into Europe.

This early era of botanical study culminated in the work of John Parkinson, whose "Paradisus" appeared in 1629, and whose "Theatrum Botanicum" was published in 1640. Hereafter the path of botanical studies bifurcated; modern scientific botany, founded in the work of John Ray (1628-1705), became more and more concerned with precise principles of classification and in specialized studies in plant structure and function. Miscellaneous plant lore no longer interested the botanist. The seventeenth century herbals show a relapse from science to astrology, a belief in the influence on plants of the heavenly bodies, and in the "doctrine of signatures." The term "herbalist" degenerated to connote, what it means to many people today, a dabbler in debased superstition, a purveyor of love potions, cosmetic receipts, and old wives' remedies, if not, indeed, quack medicines.

The book under review is the first-fruits of a revived interest in the cultivation and study of medicinal herbs which sprang up during the war, when the commercial production of many plants was interrupted.

Mrs. Leyel, founder of the British Society of Herbalists, is its editor, and Mrs. Grieve has prepared for it articles on more than a thousand plants, including, as the subtitle states, "the medicinal, culinary, cosmetic, and economic properties, cultivation and folk-lore of herbs, grasses, fungi, shrubs, and trees with all their modern scientific uses." The articles are arranged alphabetically, and the two substantial volumes are packed full of important information. The work is so good in so many respects, and could, with comparatively little effort, have been so much better, that it is a matter of regret that such a labor of love and learning should inevitably bring upon its author and editor adverse criticism.

To the credit column should be listed much good material about the history and the place of origin of plants; notable instances being the articles on camphor, elecampane, lavender (the "Nard" of the Greeks), lupin, iris, and mallow. The sections on the derivation of names are based on a wide reading of varied sources. I doubt if many botanical students know that Joe-pye weed was so called from "Jopi, an American Indian who cured typhus fever with it," or that magnolia was named for Pierre Magnol, a famous professor of botany at Montpellier; or that daffodil is a corruption of asphodel, or that Euonymus was named for Euonyme, the mother of the Furies (possibly the reason why it is so peculiarly subject to scale pests), or that tobacco is derived from "the Haitian word for pipe."

The sections on plant lore are full of interesting references to legend and superstition. Literary references to the English classics are fairly full, and to ancient authors in English translations; but the author and editor are either unversed in, or have decided to eliminate from, their book very rich source material in French, German, and other modern literatures. In nearly all the articles, a statement is made of the use of the plant in medicine, often a statement is given as to its discovery, together with methods of preparation and directions for use. A few recipes are given; the most attractive, perhaps, are those for almond cakes, camomile tea, herb beers, and cowslip wine. The use of plants in cosmetics and for love potions and tokens is not neglected.

A formidable list of criticisms of "The Modern Herbal" might, however, be drawn up. The outstanding sins, more of omission than commission let it be noted, seem to be the following: There is no bibliography, and for the student, this means that what might have been a useful book of references, is of relatively little value. The editor states that "it is impossible to give a complete list of the works consulted for reference" and that "Mrs. Grieve has, of course, drawn her knowledge from books as well as plants." Bibliography is not "impossible" for most students, and even when Mrs. Grieve quotes from her authorities, she only gives the author's name and never the title, volume, or page of his work. Furthermore, the index is entirely inadequate. Only the names of the plants, and a few of their synonyms are given, and, most grievous sin of all, even this list is not complete. There are no index references to botanical writers, other herbalists, to the derivation of names, countries of origin, medicines, etc. In a few instances French, German, and Italian names are given; it would have added greatly to the value of the book as a work of reference if this had been done in all cases.

Plants are not listed under their botanical names, which for many readers is an advantage, but under what the editor and author call their "country names," by which they mean "their most familiar names." The difficulty with this choice of nomenclature is that what is "most familiar" in one country or one part of a country may not be elsewhere.

But on the whole, the facts collected in the book are valuable and important. It is in line with the traditional herbals; though it is to be regretted that it stems rather from the "debased lore of the infamous Nicholas Culpeper" than from the nobler works of Turner and Parkinson. It is to be hoped that its form will be subjected to drastic editorial revision for some forthcoming edition, and that instead of a rather haphazard, amateur treatise, it may become a cyclopædia of herbalist knowledge.

Japanese Annals

JAPAN—A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY. By G. B. SANSOM. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $7.50 net.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THIS is an important book in a series of brilliant promise. As its author claims, "there is no satisfactory short history of Japan in English." Such short histories as exist he dismisses as "compilations" and "more or less competent summaries" of Murdoch, some "inelegant," others "sentimental" or without "the warrant of exact scholarship." Mr. Sansom is certainly neither sentimental nor inelegant, and his scholarship is usually exact and painstaking without being meticulous. The result is a very readable book, in which long vistas and wide horizons are combined with vivid and exact detail as in a scroll or *Makimono* of the Japanese school.

To such scrolls, which are the epics of Japan, he rightly goes for many of his illustrations—of which there are no less than fifty-five in the text, in addition to the nineteen fine photogravure plates, which are well chosen from the rich treasury of Japanese sculpture and painting.

A WINTER SCENE IN JAPAN.

The twenty-three chapters are divided among the Seven Epochs of Japan, and as this long scroll unfolds, the reader follows the gifted people of the Islands from their dim yet complex beginnings to their brilliant achievement under the Tokiugawas and to the final breakdown of feudalism. We see something of their early clans and guilds, and much of their poetic naturism:

> A nature worship of which the mainspring is appreciation rather than fear is not to be dismissed as base and fetichistic animism, and much that is kindly and gracious in the life of the Japanese today can be traced to those sentiments which caused their remote ancestors to ascribe divinity not only to the powerful and awe-inspiring . . . or to the useful . . . but also to the lovely and pleasant.

Here, then, and in the ritual dance and song of this early naturism, is one deep root of much Japanese culture. And on to this was grafted by skilled hands the high civilization of the mainland.

How this process began with the Han (second century B. C.—second century A. D.) in a movement of "explosive" power, how it continued with the efflorescence of T'ang (eighth and ninth centuries A. D.) and with the enlightenment of Sung, is well told in those pages. But unless the student knows those eras of China, he will not clearly appreciate the genius of the Japanese in selection and simplification, nor their mistakes in copying what they often misunderstood.

Mr. Sansom evidently sees much of this, but the lay reader may miss it, as he may miss the thread of her development in thought and the stages of the unfolding of her economic life. The task of elucidating all these complex and baffling elements—now flowing free, now impeded and retarted—is a very difficult one, and his book is a notable contribution to scientific history. Avoiding the fallacy of "economic determinism," it yet pays much attention to economic factors, and still more to ideas and ideals. It makes one impatient for the volume on China in this series, for which Professor Seligman has wisely chosen Dr. V. K. Ting—a leader of Chinese modernism. None of these great Oriental civilizations can be really understood apart from the others. A brief Cultural History of Asia is in fact overdue.

True "Westerners"

FIGHTING MEN OF THE WEST. By DANE COOLIDGE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

DANE COOLIDGE has contributed another to his series of western studies; this time of the types of men of whom the tradition is still alive, in some cases the men themselves, makers of the history and atmosphere of the frontier. He begins with that earliest of the trailmakers, Colonel Charles Goodnight, who first beat out the way across the Staken Plains and preempted the Valley of the Pecos for the cattlemen of Texas. Goodnight was associated with John Chisum, maker of the Chisum Trail to the cattle market, who follows next in Coolidge's list, and they were both more or less mixed up with the Lincoln County War, with Billy the Kid and their contemporaries. Chisum was the only man who ever talked Billy the Kid out of his intention to kill, and Goodnight was instrumental in bringing William Boney to justice. All his life he hated a thief and a murderer. Goodnight had an agreement with his own men that if any killing was done the killer should be tried by his fellows and, if found guilty, hung. He turned back herds that were offered him for sale when they were found with strange brands, and maintained the standard from which Chisum departed many times when he was all the law there was west of the Pecos, and maintained his ascendancy without a gun. Clay Allison, professional man-killer follows next, and the incident of his baulked draw on Mason Bowman, and then Tom Horn, notable companion of the Chief of the Apache Scouts, who killed rustlers for $600 a head, thus stopping cattle rustling at Coon Hole, and died game on the scaffold.

The list is extended to include among others Captain John R. Hughes, who "kicked down more doors and went through the smoke after more bad Mexicans than any other officer in Texas," who in twenty-eight years' service never lost a prisoner nor was whipped in battle, and, still living in his seventy-sixth year, the Mexicans still walk circles around him. It includes Colonel Bill Green, a gambler and speculator, as well as fighting man, and Colonel Emilio Kosterlitsky, chief of the Mexican Rurales along the Arizona Border, who made excursions across it in pursuit of his medieval notions of justice; Henry Wheeler, who deported the Bisbee strikers, for which he took full responsibility; Captain Burton C. Mossman of the Arizona Rangers, and finally Death Valley Scotty. It is true that Scotty's fighting was done mostly in the direction of the men who had, for pay, been set on his trail to track him to his secret source of riches, the alleged Lost Mine of Death Valley, but he belongs with the Coolidge collection of frontiersmen, vain like them, humorous, kindly, full of braggadocia,and willing to kill under provocation.

The book is well done, the detail explicit and striking, the photographs authentic—in particular there is one of Billy the Kid which goes nearer to explaining him than many paragraphs—and the psychological element not overworked. Besides being interesting reading, it is a genuine contribution to the frontier history of the Southwest, which will not need to be done again. It combines historic incident with authentic color in true and representative pictures of time and scene.

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Points of View

O'Neill on Freudianism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Apropos of John Corbin's essay on "O'Neill and Æschylus" in your issue of April 30, the following extracts from a letter by O'Neill himself concerning his use of Freudian and other psychoanalytical material might prove interesting to your readers. The letter, dated from Saint-Antoine du Rocher on October 13, 1929, was very kindly sent by Mr. O'Neill in response to the request of Miss Martha Carolyn Sparrow, a graduate student of mine who was writing a thesis on O'Neill's use of modern psychology, especially psychoanalysis, in his plays.

"There is no conscious use of psychoanalytical material in any of my plays. All of them could easily be written by a dramatist who had never heard of the Freudian theory and was simply guided by an intuitive psychological insight into human beings and their life-impulsions that is as old as Greek drama. It is true that I am enough of a student of modern psychology to be fairly familiar with the Freudian implications inherent in the actions of some of my characters while I was portraying them; but this was always an afterthought, and never consciously was I for a moment influenced to shape my material along the lines of any psychological theory. It was my dramatic instinct and my own personal experience with human life that alone guided me.

"I most certainly *did not* get my idea of Nina's compulsion from a dream mentioned by Freud in 'A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.' I have only read two books of Freud's, 'Totem and Taboo' and '———— and the Pleasure Principle.' The book that interested me the most of all the Freudian school is Jung's 'Psychology of the Unconscious,' which I read many years ago. If I have been influenced unconsciously it must have been by this book more than any other psychological work. But the 'unconscious' influence stuff strikes me as always extremely suspicious! It is so darned easy to prove! I would say that what has influenced my plays the most is my knowledge of the drama of all time—particularly Greek tragedy—and not any books on psychology.

"I am familiar with behavioristic theory, too, and if one were to go digging for it in my plays, I'm sure a lot of conclusive examples of its influence could be detected—particularly, I imagine, from those plays that were written before I'd ever heard of behaviorism. I was writing plays a long time before I knew anything of psychoanalysis! In your last letter I believe you spoke of 'The Emperor Jones.' That certainly was!"

But in spite of Mr. O'Neill's denials and his extremely generous furnishing of information about his reading and his personal reactions to it, Miss Sparrow, like Mr. Corbin, was unable to escape the conclusion, after a careful study of the plays, that there was a strong smack of the textbook in many of them. Even "The Emperor Jones," contrary to Mr. O'Neill's recollections, in its first printed version contained one or two phrases which showed his interest in the new "mental doctoring," although these phrases were removed in later editions. " 'Unconscious' influence stuff," perhaps! But where would a dozen or two of O'Neill's own characters be if he had ruled unconscious influence out of their motivation and actions? Difficult as it may be to prove in scholarship, it is a very simple and useful tool in writing drama, as well as fiction and poetry, today.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.
Northwestern University.

A Book Tavern

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Tomorrow we open the Book Tavern for Soul and Body. It isn't ready; the stove isn't hooked up, the bookshelves are not finished, the bread and butter plates haven't come, but we said we would open, and we shall do so. Since my partner is an interior decorator and has always wanted a coffee shop, and since I am a writing lady and have always wanted a bookstall—well, we simply had to have it out of our system. White-washed walls, plain wood cottage floors, and red tablecloths with books to buy or rent and look over whilst you eat your macaroni or drink your coffee, it does seem as if it would be different.

We are feeling our way as to other features and have four rooms upstairs which—three of which at least—we shall rent to someone who might be a kinsprit. I shall use one for my office, as it is across the street from the Western Union and I can write my New York *Times* and Brooklyn *Eagle* copy, page by page, and sent over the lane. (This, by the way, is the only manner in which I could get dear old O. Henry's syndicate copy when he was doing stuff for the McClure Syndicate back in the early 1900's. Bless his heart. He would write us a page—in pencil by hand—and tell us to come back for more. The *More* sometimes was ready and sometimes not.)

RUBY DOUGLAS.
Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

Cheap Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

About your "Bookbuyers' Complaint" article in the June 11 issue:

Some time back—in the Fever Era—I proposed a scheme to one of the progressive publishers whereby he would make his "ephemeral" books in such a way that they could be sold for $1.50 instead of for $2.50. The proposal grew out of my own dissatisfaction with the kind of package I was getting for $2.50—a disgust that kept me from buying many books that I wanted, simply because I couldn't stand their physical get-up.

First, I talked the scheme over with a printer—one of the big presses devoted to printing books in large editions (and doing a good job at the same). The printer said that the scheme was entirely workable, and that he was anxious to go.

I asked the publisher if he could do better business at $1.50 per package than at $2.50. He said *No,* emphatically. He said that the next price change he made would be from $2.50 to $3, instead of the other way—because the purchaser rated the value of the package by the price tag, solely, and that the purchaser would turn up his or her nose at a $1.50 article. This was in the Fever Era. Maybe conditions are not the same now.

My argument was: The usual $2.50 book is an unsatisfactory package because it is *shabby genteel.* It is breaking its heart to keep up appearances. Its standard and ideal of the "genteel" in book dress is miles too high for its income. It tries to copy—in cheap and shoddy materials—the aristocratic style of an earlier day. Nobody is deceived about the social position of the book—except its sponsoring publisher—*he* thinks he has turned out a Beau Nash. The rest of us turn away our heads to hide the emotion that we can't control—embarrassment, choking pity, a desire to help if only we could. It's horrible. . . .

My formula was: Produce the ephemeral book on the basis of its real status. Do not try to conceal the cheapness of its get-up. Actually emphasize the cheapness as a part of the consistent design of the book.

Begin by washing out of your mind the standards of "fine printing"—those standards do not apply at all. Take newsprint paper—newspaper technique in type composition—less than "fine printing" presswork—some quick and inexpensive way of stitching the pages together—paper covers, perhaps—and get a new product that would be consistent throughout on its own price level. Paper could be pleasant ivory color (not the newsprint blue) and pleasant to the fingers. It would last a few years. Composition and presswork fair enough to read. *Type* could be the best designs available—no extra expense involved in good type—maybe good types designed specifically for good performance in such quick and cheap book-making. What such books would lose in the way of materials and fine printing points could be made up for by touches of *design* that would make them human and alive—it takes only a few touches (of the right kind) to make a book lively and attractive—little tricks in spacing, a smart "flower" on the title page. There are lots of good printing designers growing up in the trade, able to make a simple appetizing sauce out of inexpensive ingredients.

Other side of the shield: (1) Say "dollar book" to a publisher, and he mutters and reaches toward the drawer where the automatic pistol is. *But,* dollar books crashed because they tried to palm themselves off as $2.50 books—publishers didn't dare to make them *look* inexpensive. In the Fever Era, customers unquestionably shied at low prices. (2) *Novelty.* The Great Buying Public hates anything new; in spite of the supposed craving for novelty. My newsprint books would not look like the old books—they would be new and stimulating—consequently they would encounter considerable "sales resistance" at first. (3) *Design.* Bright young printing designers would have to be called upon to give the books a sparkle—to make up for the cheaper printing, etc. Case of a cheap cotton fabric turned into a thing you want, by the application of block-printing of good design. N. B., *good design.*

Anyway . . . I know I shall buy books like that, and enjoy reading them.

W. A. DWIGGINS.
Boston, Mass.

Buying Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Because we have always believed the fundamental truth of everything you say in your editorial of May 21st, about the value of poetry as "one of the great sources of emotional and intellectual strength," we give poetry the best place in the Hathaway House Bookshop in Wellesley,—an attractive room with open fireplace at the right of the front door. Through this room the college students must pass to reach the textbook department, and through it all customers pass to reach the cashier in the office. The people who patronize our bookshop are thus kept aware of the existence of poetry. We let the dollar reprints and best sellers brighten up the more obscure corners of the shop!

Is it assuming too much to conclude that the students at Wellesley College are readers of poetry, because they buy such quantities of it? The books sold in our poetry room are not for the most part "required reading," *i. e.,* poets being taught in the class rooms. Edna Millay, who isn't taught (at least in Wellesley), and Elinor Wylie, E. A. Robinson, A. E. Housman, Rupert Brooke, Francis Thompson, and good old Omar keep the sales up in this department of our shop, even in these times of depression. The enthusiasm which greets a new book of poetry, such as the lovely new volume of Elinor Wylie's Collected Poems or Mr. Arthur Rushmore's beautifully printed edition of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," confirms our suspicion that these books are not only bought, but read and reread with eager enjoyment.

GERALDINE GORDON.
Wellesley, Mass.

Where the Brew Begins

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

For thirty years I have been interested in Beer, both as a subject and as a beverage.

For the last three years I have been accumulating material for a History of Beer. To bring it up to date and keep my finger on the beer pulse of the world, I attended the *Oktober Bierfest* in Munich in 1929, '30, and '31. I conducted classes in pub-crawling all over London and Paris and came home just a month ago to take my Master's degree in Hoboken.

I have spent three months writing a three hundred page book on the subject so close to my heart and all my other organs. It is a good book, containing more about beer in all its faucets than any book ever published in America. It is written in simple language so even a speakeasy proprietor can understand it. It is also highbrow enough to interest *American Mercury* readers. The *Mercury* bought three chapters of it for serial publication, one of them is in the June issue.

I thought the book would be published instantly, make a lot of money, and perhaps do the Wet cause some good. Two or three leading New York publishers said my beer material was swell and the book was well enough written for them to stamp it with their imprint, but they couldn't see a sale for a book about beer in these hard times. Maybe they were kidding me. Anyway, there were a hundred thousand marchers in the Beer Parade two weeks ago, and several hundred thousand more on the sidewalk, in trees, and holding onto the eaves of penthouses.

I decided that the publishers are either dumb or depressed or both, so I am going back to the book subscription list so popular a hundred years ago. It works. In two days I have over a hundred signatures to the enclosed circular, in two weeks I will have a thousand. In two years maybe the book will sell a million. If a publisher doesn't want it, I'll publish it myself.

BOB BROWN.
New York City.

Sainte-Beuve

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. E. S. Bates objects, in your issue for May 21, to having the late Mr. Gamaliel Bradford proclaimed a forerunner of Lytton Strachey. Mr. Bradford's qualities, we are told, were of quite another order: "the undercurrent was one of emotional kindliness. Beginning his work in 1894, he naturally accepted the models of that day—the sweetness-without-too-much-light school of Stopford Brooke, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Henry Van Dyke, and George Edward Woodberry."

There was another model, according to Mr. Bradford's direct testimony. Last year I was in correspondence with him apropos of his article on "Sainte-Beuve and Biography" (*Saturday Review,* July 11, 1931), and the following is from his long letter on the author of the "Lundis." All told the passage confirms Mr. Bates's appraisal of Bradford; there was certainly more light than sweetness in Sainte-Beuve, but this is not the part that the American writer chose to copy. In any case the evidence is pertinent and the views on Sainte-Beuve may interest your readers:

"I certainly did not mean to give a derogatory impression of him. For forty years he has been my model and my master and if I have been able to accomplish anything of even very small importance, I shall always be ready to admit that I owe it in the main to him. Furthermore, I gladly admit what you urge, that his judgment of the various romantic leaders was founded in a deliberate intellectual disagreement, and I should be ready to go further and say that I feel his judgment in most of the cases to be the final one. I am little more enthusiastic in my admiration of Balzac or Hugo than he was. Yet in spite of all this, it does seem to me that a singular and distasteful strain of cold antipathy permeates all his treatment of his contemporaries, in strange contrast to the Olympian breadth and serenity of his dealing with seventeenth and eighteenth century figures. And I do feel in him at all times a slight lack of what I have, perhaps rather sentimentally, called love, that broad and tender human sympathy which was so striking in Darwin and again in him whom I consider on the whole Sainte-Beuve's worthiest successor, Jules Lemaître. In recently going through the copiously marked copies of my own edition of the "Lundis," I have been freshly overcome with the variety, the depth, the delicacy of the observation and insight, but at the same time I have felt a desolating cynicism, perhaps all the more desolating because one so often feels it to be justified. I noticed this particularly in making myself acquainted for the first time with the eleventh volume of the later editions of the "Lundis," in which, as you are aware, the index of the earlier editions gives place to an extensive collection of Pensées, such as are to be found at the end of volumes three of the "Portraits Littéraires" and two and five of the "Portraits Contemporains." I have always found these latter among the most suggestive and valuable elements of Sainte-Beuve's work, but the Pensées in the Lundis struck me as rather concentrating the mean and ugly side in the treatment of contemporaries to an exceptional degree, and I was sorry I read them.

"I wonder if you relish as I do the presentation of Sainte-Beuve in the Goncourt Journal. Of course the Goncourts were quite incapable of appreciating the higher intellectual reaches of his achievement. But they do catch the human elements in his character in an extraordinarily effective way and after one has thoroughly established one's enduring admiration of him, one can well afford to fill out the portrait with the Goncourt's shrewd and penetrating touches. Faguet wrote me once of Sainte-Beuve that 'il avait des vices moraux, il n'avait pas de défauts intellectuels.' I should hardly be prepared to say that of any human being, but Sainte-Beuve comes near it."

HORATIO SMITH.
Brown University, Providence, R. I.

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Foreign Literature

The Doctrinal Play

THE SATIN SLIPPER. By PAUL CLAUDEL. Translated by JOHN O'CONNOR. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHALIE COLBY

AT the age of eighteen Paul Louis Marie Claudel was singled out by God "on the walk of that long street in Paris which descends towards Notre Dame." From that moment he placed himself at the service of the Catholic Church—catholic in the exclusive and rigorous sense of the word, which admits no brotherhood outside its circle and casts heretics to the flames. He became the exponent of an orthodox God, the Jehovah of the old Testament, grafted by St. Paul into the church as a measure of political expediency.

This belief in a living God is the center of all Claudel's works. It breathes life into the ancient idea, which, announced in Ecclesiastes, became the spiritual equivalent of the New Testament and was tortured into the asceticism of the Middle Ages, where the splendor and power of the soul exists in inverse ratio to the starvation and deterioration of the body.

In "The Satin Slipper" this theme is impersonated by the love of Don Rodrigo and Donna Prouheze, which remains carnally unfulfilled. Prouheze, who says of her husband: "I see him so little and I am cowed by him," supplicates the virgin in lines of tremulous beauty to restrain her from her sinful love.

I give myself over to you! Virgin Mother
I give you my shoe,
Virgin Mother keep in your hands my luckless little foot!
I warn you that presently I shall see you no longer and that I am about to set everything going against you!
But when I try to rush on evil let it be with limping foot! The barrier that you have set up,
When I want to cross it, be it with a crippled wing!
I have done as much as I could; keep you my poor little shoe,
Keep it against your heart, tremendous Mother of mine!

Thus begins the struggle between the flesh and the spirit, which is the drama of the book.

> It is not what in her is troubled and mingled and unsure that I ask of her, not what is inert and neutral and perishable,
> It is the naked essence, the pure life it is that love as strong as me, burning under my longing like a great naked flame, like laughter in my face!
> . . . For I know that it is only in the absolute void that I shall meet her.

This is the manner of Don Rodrigo's love for Prouheze, whose love in exile refines itself into a mission to perfect Rodrigo through the beneficence of pain. She will never go to him. She will be to him "A sword right through his heart."

> "Never." she cries. "There is at last the thing that he and I can share, it is 'never' that he learned from my lips in that kiss just now wherein we were made one!
> "'Never,' there is at least a kind of eternity for us which may begin forthwith."

Her death is scarcely noticed, so completely does she live on in her lover as leaven lifting him above the valuing of material life. As he gains spiritually he declines in power, and from Viceroy of America becomes the one-legged sailor of a battered ship on which he paints the pictures of saints. We leave him indifferent to the world, thrown in for nothing at his request with a pile of old pots and riff-raff sold to a ragpicking nun who takes him off to serve in the Convent of St. Teresa.

This lyric love story is set in Spain and Africa and America in the seventeenth century, supplemented by about eighty characters, including the moon and a guardian angel. This limitless environment and crowding of people results in a tedious number of episodes unrelated to the main theme. (Speaking musically, there is too much recitatif). The play is overcrowded, which together with its length and doctrinal thesis makes it impossible for the stage. Nevertheless, in spite of these faults, it is a work of thrilling beauty, told in the especial language which M. Claudel forged for himself, a rhythm with no rule except the expression of emotion. Founded on the natural rhythm of the breath it rises, it falls, is cut off, flows down half a page influenced by the most secret sensibilities. In its prolonged ejaculations it reminds us of the Psalms and in the formation of its syntax it often reads like an inspired translation.

In this setting Claudel places his images which are the measure of his genius. They rise from an inexhaustible reserve; so luxuriously crowded are they that sometimes one springing from another exhausts it in the development of a new vitality. One soars with these improvisations, so fusing that there is nothing left of author or reader on the earth to criticize him.

> America, like a huge horn of plenty, I mean that chalice of silence, that fragment of a star, that enormous tract of paradise, its flank leaning across an ocean of delight! . . . Africa—the earth would not at all be what it is, if it had not on its belly that square fire, that gnawing cancer, that ray which eats its liver, that brazier over-glowed with ocean-breathing, that smoking den, that oven where all the filth of life comes to be reconditioned!
> We are not everything between our four walls.

He dives below the aspect of a thing, gives us its essence in an image with which it has a secret function.

"You know that kind of slackening, when we know there is nothing more to do; there are mothers then that start singing over their children's corpses," he says, sloughing everything off hopelessness so we see it starkly as the primal despair of a mother.

Through Father O'Connor's excellent translation this book has taken its place in the literature of the year, for it has that spiritual punch that arrests attention. Its *motif*—the passionate belief in the working out on earth of the plans of a living God, is what fuses even its irrelevances into an entirety that burns with the freshness of an Isaiah, against the more or less fatigued and exhausted fiction of today.

Eight Notable Books

THE LARGEST REPRESENTATION OF ANY SINGLE PUBLISHING HOUSE ON THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION'S LIST OF FIFTY NOTABLE BOOKS OF 1931.

Henry F. Pringle's
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
The Pulitzer Prize Biography of 1931. $3.50

Lincoln Steffens'
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
"Destined to be a classic."—*Carl Sandburg.* $3.75

Matthew Josephson's
JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU
"The best biography of Rousseau in existence."—*Herbert Gorman.* $5.00

Morris R. Cohen's
REASON AND NATURE
"Destined to mark an important milestone in American philosophic thought."—*Nation.* $5.00

Lewis Mumford's
THE BROWN DECADES
"Social history and social criticism of the highest kind."—*Albert Guerard.* $3.00

Constance Rourke's
AMERICAN HUMOR
"A psychological study of a whole society from the point of view of its laughter."—*Newton Arvin.* $3.50

Henry Seidel Canby's
CLASSIC AMERICANS
"A valuable and important book."—*Nation.* $3.50

Benjamin N. Cardozo's
LAW AND LITERATURE
"Benevolence, wisdom and charm are the qualities that make these essays glow."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

White Oak Library

(*Continued from page* 805)

We set out down the winding trails, and they were trails, because the road was nothing but a country dirt road which has not been repaired in the last two hundred years. Streams were forded, mountains were climbed, and boulders shoved aside to get over the road, which is traversed only perhaps once a day by the rural mail carrier. I think he must go on horseback. We were stopped by a turtle hunter and also by a mountain moonshiner who wanted to make sure I was not a federal revenue officer. I was informed by this moonshiner and also by the young man who was accompanying me that this was a "still" country, and few strangers traversed this section.

We finally reached this little farm home, and true to rural traditions, the father, A. B., and one other boy were busy solving the world's affairs in the shade of a tree at the side of the house. They asked me to be seated, but I told them I preferred to stand, whereupon I stated my business. A. B. said the books were in the house, all in very good condition, and he would be glad to help me pack them up so that they could be taken to Atlanta. A. B. is a young man about twenty-four years of age, whose thirsty mind has been deprived of much desired reading material. He told me he had read practically every book which he could obtain from the State Library, and that he had bought a great many books, and that he simply bought more than he could pay for. At first, I thought perhaps he had a mania for book collecting, but I soon found out that the boy was a great reader, and a student of literature, and that he has read practically every book which has come in his possession. He had taken the wrappers off the books and had newspaper covers over them in order to protect them while he read. Several of the books were still wrapped in the newspapers, but he had wrappers for most of them, and as he picked out the wrappers I placed them on the books. He knew the covers of the books and the wrappers for the corresponding books perfectly. As we were getting the books together, he would tell various stories about some of the books as well as the authors, which led me to believe that he really has been reading a great deal. You did not send me the invoices, but he had them carefully filed away, and produced them in order for me to check the books. Unless I made some error in the packing, I think I have every one of the books here in the office. Some of the wrappers are a little soiled, and a few of the books have dust on the covers, but as a whole, I think every book can be put back in your stock.

It was remarkable how well he knew the publishers and books of the different publishers. I noticed that he had the Doubleday, Doran books packed up in a box ready to be sent back to Colonel F. He also had books from Houghton Mifflin, Harper & Brothers, Longman's, Green and Company, Star Publishing Company, International Company, and a few other miscellaneous volumes.

I visited with the boy for several minutes after we had gathered the books together, and tried to show him the seriousness of his crime. But I could see that his attitude on life was more or less that society had not provided him with libraries and education that the boy in a large city or more wealthy community had at his disposal. You may wish to call this to the attention of the postal inspector and file federal charges against the boy. Since the federal government was interested in the case two years ago, they might feel that it was becoming more serious, since he has renewed his efforts along this line. On the other hand, one cannot help but feel sorry for the young man, since it may be possible that if he were given an opportunity he would become a very learned man. His father was of a very kindly disposition, and when I suggested to the boy that he should write to these other companies and offer to send the books back since he was unable to pay for them, his father agreed with me heartily. The mother looked upon our collecting the books more or less critically, but she said nothing. The boy was most coöperative, and very friendly with me through the entire time. When I first reached the farm I was somewhat leery of getting my back to anybody, because I realized I was in a community where most anything could happen, and not knowing the mind of the boy, I did not know but what he was criminally insane; but by the time I left I realized that he was just thirsty for information; you could tell from the books selected that he really has a good knowledge of the best books in literature.

Who are the most colorful personalities of today? An anwser to this question is being offered by the staff members of the Newark Public Library in the current issue of the Library's official journal. Constantly in touch with the changing reading tastes of the public, which one year exalts a hero, only to forget him entirely the next year, the staff of the Newark Library determined to take a vote amongst its members to determine who, in their opinion, would be the contemporaries whose personalities would be recalled one hundred years from now. Limited to twenty-four names, the list suggests a cross section of our times, with industrial leaders, politicians, and a playwright being named with comedians and two fictional characters from novels. It follows:

Jane Addams
George F. Babbitt
Richard E. Byrd
Charlie Chaplin
Thomas A. Edison
Edward, Prince of Wales
Einstein
Henry Ford
Soames Forsyte
Freud
Gandhi
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
Lenin
Lindbergh
Ramsay MacDonald
Mussolini
Eugene O'Neill
Paderewski
Pavlova
Rockefeller
Will Rogers
George Bernard Shaw
Stalin
Wilson

An interesting house that is for sale is William Morris's old home at Bexley Heath. It was largely designed by Morris himself, and inside there are decorations by Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Good Entertainment for Summer Days . . .

The House of the Opal
by **Jackson Gregory**

A murder-mystery yarn by an author noted for his exciting tales of Western adventure. "Mr. Gregory has given us a new figure to add to the gallery of notable characters in detective fiction."—*New York Times.*
Second printing. $2.00

In the Worst Possible Taste
by **John Riddell** *(Corey Ford)*

"It is a superb book, bound to engulf with laughter every one who has any inkling of modern literary figures."—*Boston Transcript.*
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

MONSIEUR THIERS. By JOHN M. S. ALLISON. Norton. 1932. $3.

Adolphe Thiers's span of life covered eighty years of France's most variegated history, and in nearly every public event from 1830 to 1877 he was a notable participant. It is not therefore unreasonable to call him, as the jacket of this book does, "the outstanding statesman of nineteenth century France." His finger was in every pie, and often he was *le chef*. In spite, however, of his ubiquitous activity both as statesman and as historian, he is not the glamorous sort of figure who commands a fascinated attention. There was little of the hero in him. Professor Allison has been conscious of this and has wisely refrained from any attempt at outspoken glorification. Instead, he has written a book, solid, serious, and interesting, in which Thiers plays his important but prosaic part, just as he did in life.

It is a bit disappointing that so little is made of his sharp wit. Like nearly every Frenchman, he could illuminate the moment with a bright phrase. One does not easily forget the story which Mr. Guedalla tells: how Louis Philippe's smugness, his interminable commonplaces, moved Thiers to conjecture that the monarch's morning prayer must be "Give us, O Lord, our daily platitude." The father of the third republic had the right Gallic touch. But this book does not pretend to be an amusing study of a personality; it is really a history of nineteenth century France, and Thiers is simply the center around which revolve the activities of a people. He is interesting as a personality only in so far as he reflects the national life of his country. Professor Allison has, therefore, taken the surest road to success by concentrating on events, which he describes with a clarity and an ordered ease that, in the end, portray Monsieur Thiers more adequately than clever psychological analysis might have done.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL. A Revised Bibliography. By *I. R. Brussel*. Philadelphia: The Centaur Book Shop.

CHAMPIONS OFF GUARD. By *William O. Inglis*. Vanguard Press. $3.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. By *Maurice Colbourne*. Boston, Mass.: Bruce Humphries, Inc. $1.

Drama

LITTLE PLAYS FOR EVERYBODY. Compiled by *A. P. Sanford*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

WAKEFIELD. By *Percy MacKaye*. Washington, D. C.: United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission.

CONTEMPORARY DRAMA. European Plays. II. Selected by *E. Bradlee Watson* and *Benfield Pressy*. Scribners. $1.25.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PLAYS. Selected and edited by *A. M. Drummond*. French. $2.50.

NEW PLAYS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS. French. $2.50.

Education

THE TECHNIQUE OF PROGRESSIVE TEACHING. By *A. Gordon Melvin*. Day. $2.95.

ANIMAL BIOLOGY. By *Loranda Loss Woodruff*. Macmillan. $3.50.

TAMING THE WILD GRASSES. By *Elizabeth Forbes O'Hara*. Macmillan. 60 cents.

FROM HUNTERS TO HERDSMEN. By *Elizabeth Forbes O'Hara*. Macmillan. 60 cents.

REAL LIFE STORIES. OPEN SPACES. By *W. W. Theisen* and *Sterling A. Leonard*. Macmillan. 84 cents.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL LEGISLATION. By *Mary S. Collcott*. Macmillan. $3.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM STUDIES. Vol. IV. Part I. Metropolitan Museum of Art. $4.

WRITING WELL. By *Chester Noyes Greenough, Frank Wilson, Cheney Hersey*, and *Harold Lawton Bruce*. Macmillan. $2.

READINGS IN CITIZENSHIP. By *J. Catron Jones, Amy Vandenbosch*, and *Mary Belle Vandenbosch*. Macmillan. $3.50.

EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENTS IN INDUSTRY. By *Nathaniel Peffer*. Macmillan. $1.50.

SOCIAL PATHOLOGY. By *George B. Mangold*. Macmillan. $3.

HOME AND SCHOOL COOPERATION. Safety Education in Schools. Social Hygiene in Schools. Children's Reading. Reports of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. Century.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By *Sir Edmund Chambers*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Fiction

I COVER THE WATERFRONT. By MAX MILLER. Dutton. 1932.

Max Miller is twenty-eight, and some day he will write the novel growing within him and surrounding him. It would seem that he has made a fair start toward that ambition in the easy-flowing, honest, and competent book about himself and his observations on the Western waterfront.

The book is charged with delightful self-revealing thoughts, the sort of things youngsters of twenty-eight indulge in but seldom fix on paper. To attempt a description of it would be useless, it must be read; it is the waterfront and the mind of that businesslike chap who comes on board looking for a drink when the steamer arrives, seemingly a cold, disillusioned young man.

"We swing aboard (the passenger liner from New York), and the line's publicity agent swings aboard with us. The ship's purser says hello to us, and calls us by name, and he tells us which stateroom belongs to us. Sometimes when he is not too busy he comes with us to the stateroom, bringing a passenger list with him. He rings for a steward who brings into the stateroom refreshments taken on board at Havana. The steward also brings three bottles of soda water.

"Not, much," we say, "because we're working." Or sometimes, if the liner has arrived too late for the day's edition, we do not say this."

It's a very human book.

"In olden days I used to be sorry for these round-the-world passengers. They sailed with their life's savings, expecting to find so much, but on reaching this port, the halfway point, they as yet had found nothing."

And so he goes on, about the fishermen, the waterfront people of all sorts, and about himself. It is a worth-while piece of honest writing.

THE SILVER HORN, AND OTHER SPORTING TALES OF JOHN WEATHERFORD. By GORDON GRAND. With Drawings by J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN. New York: The Derrydale Press. 1932. $7.50.

The critic of sporting literature is not, as a rule, captious as to style and form. The only thing he insists upon is that the writer shall know his subject and that he shall present it in an interesting way. This is not to say, however, that sporting literature cannot be good literature nor that the critic is not appreciative of it as such when he encounters it. On the contrary, he is moved to unusual enthusiasm on those rare occasions when a sporting book has literary excellence in addition to sophistication as in the case of Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Hunting Man."

It is not intended to imply too close a comparison between Sassoon's book—now a sporting classic—and "The Silver Horn." But the latter "has everything" which a sporting work can possess and will survive as one of the most finished contributions to American sporting literature.

The book consists of a collection of short sketches of fox hunting and steeplechasing incidents and characters, with the attractive figure of John Weatherford, a veteran sportsman, predominant. Many of the characters are so sharply drawn that one can almost recognize them, and every now and then the name of some real and outstanding sportsman is introduced, which makes for verisimilitude.

The author, Gordon Grand, I understand is a retired New York lawyer who lives in Millbrook, N. Y., and has a place in Virginia where he raises a few thoroughbreds. He has been very active in hunting in Millbrook, Greenwich, and Virginia. He has judged in horse shows and has helped to promote riding amongst youngsters by establishing competitions. He is said to have been brought up with horses. The character of John Weatherford is probably imaginary, embodying those virtues and characteristics which the author most admires in a gentleman and a sportsman.

Too much praise cannot be accorded the book for its format. It is well printed, and the red vellum binding achieves a remarkably good resemblance to full polished Russia, with gold tooling. In accordance with the custom of the Derrydale Press, this is a limited edition of 950 copies. It seems altogether likely that a larger edition may be called for, especially if it can be published at a more reasonable price.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T MIND HANGING. By *Nancy Barr Mavity*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

SIX DEAD MEN. By *André Steeman*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

THE BRIGHT NEMESIS. By *John Gunther*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE PILDITCH PUZZLE. By *W. B. M. Ferguson*. Liveright, Inc. $2.

MADAM. By *Richmond Barrett*. Liveright Inc. $2.

SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON. By *Helene Eliat*. Viking. $2.50.

LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN. By *Stefan Zweig*. Viking. $1.25.

PRAIRIE CHRONICLE. By *Juana Foust*. Putnam. $2.

TWENTY NOTCHES. By *Max Brand*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE STOLEN STATESMAN. By *Leonard G. Gribble*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

ALIAS BLACKSHIRT. By *Bruce Graeme*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE COWBOY AND THE DUCHESS. By *Timothy Shea*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE STORE. By *T. S. Stribling*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

International

YESTERDAY AND TODAY IN SINAI. By C. S. JARVIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $4.

This is a remarkably entertaining, informing, and interesting volume which will delight many different types of readers. Major Jarvis knows not only how to control the twenty-five thousand nomads of that barren Peninsula of Sinai, but how to fix the reader's attention from the first page to the last. The book is skilfully planned. For the general reader, every chapter has something strange and new—the history of the peninsula; a new explanation of the pillar of cloud, the pillar of fire, and the engulfing of Pharaoh's host; Arab laws and customs; the hashish smugglers; the "trackers," with their incredible skill in reading tracks on the desert sands. The author writes as a sportsman, an administrator, a student of history, and, above all, of human nature. Through all these pages there is a humor that adds to the reader's enjoyment.

Where so much is good, it is difficult to single out any special chapter for comment. Possibly the most valuable parts of the book are the pages devoted to the Beduin character. For every statement he makes, Major Jarvis offers interesting and corroborative facts and illustrations. The Beduin "with a very good brain atrophied by disuse," detesting manual labor, delighting in litigation and in his raids which are for him a sporting proposition, lives as his remote ancestors did. In this book, though depicted with understanding and sympathy, he is seen to be "a relic of the past." He is the Arab of the Crusades, and his way of life has not changed since the days of Cœur de Lion. With the exception possibly of the Tibetans, the Beduin Arab is the only race that has effectually resisted the march of time." And Major Jarvis believes he will continue unchanged until science "discovers that the sand of Arabia and Sinai has some at present unknown value that can be exploited."

BOLSHEVISM, FASCISM, AND CAPITALISM. By *George S. Counts, Luigi Villari, Malcolm Rorty*, and *Newton D. Baker*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books
Miscellaneous

(Continued from preceding page)

REGULATION OF PUBLIC UTILITIES. By CASSIUS M. CLAY. Holt. 1932. $3.50.

No subject, according to the author in his preface, presents more baffling difficulties than that of the nature of the public interest in ownership and operation of modern utilities. The reader who follows Mr. Clay studiously through 300 pages of a compactly written book, abundantly sprinkled with footnotes which relate to utilities discussion of three decades, will agree with the prefatory statement. He quotes Professor F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, as saying: "It is not too much to say that the future of democracy will depend on its success in dealing with the problems of public ownership and regulation."

The value of this book is that it is richly informative, non-partisan, and so documented that it gives the reader easy access to the many sources upon which the author drew for much of his material. It is written lucidly for the non-technical reader. Those who have the habit of marking passages which they consider worth remembering will find themselves disfiguring the margins of many pages, and resolving to keep the book upon a convenient shelf for future reference.

The author's conclusion is in keeping with his preface. Quoting Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes as saying that the question of a right basis for valuation for rate-making is the most intricate and perplexing question that has come before judicial tribunals, Mr. Clay says "the shadowy rule that a utility company is entitled to ask a fair return upon the fair value of its property, employed in the public service, still represents the organic law of the land," and that while "one would be bold to forecast the direction

(Continued on page 812)

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FEAR AND TREMBLING

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea S.W. 3, London, England. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

D. J. Evanston, Ill., was much interested in the Vermont reading list and says if I have one about New Hampshire on hand she would like to have it.

NOW if this were a call from New Jersey, I could refer the inquirer to the comprehensive list lately prepared by the Newark Public Library and printed in the current number of their admirable journal, *The Library*. No doubt someone in New Hampshire must have performed a like service for the state; not knowing, I can but offer my own list to serve as a nucleus. It begins with Robert Frost's book-length poem, "New Hampshire" (Holt), which reminds one yet again that nothing is really said, even about geography, until it is said in poetry: here is the atmosphere and spirit of the state, aromatic as the pine and the blended breath of huckleberries, and the Lankes woodcuts have the true northern quality. It brings out the well-known fact that New Hampshire has one of everything: one President, one large city, and so on. As for the President, I was happily surprised on dipping rather gingerly into Professor Nichols's "Franklin Pierce: Young Hickory of the Granite Hills" (University of Pennsylvania Press) to find it not, as I had feared, just another presidential biography, but a life story based on unfamiliar material, bringing out the man and his times, and making it enlighteningly clear why he was one of those presidents that men forget. Nathaniel Hawthorne of course appears prominently in this life, and that reminds me that it cannot be too soon to say that Hildegarde Hawthorne has written a biography of her grandfather for young people, which the Century Co. is soon to publish: when Anne Stoddard, then of the Century, told me that she had asked her to write it, I was so interested that I asked permission to read it as soon as the manuscript arrived from France.

"New Hampshire," by Frank Sanborn (Houghton Mifflin), is a compact, short state history: this bicentenary year has added a tidy little book to the history department, "George Washington in New Hampshire," by Elwin L. Page (Houghton Mifflin). It seems that while the country was in the thick of the Constitutional agitation, the First President made what amounted to a "progress" through Portsmouth, Stratham, Exeter, and this part of the state; as this was reverently recorded almost step by step, the account now made out of these reports is a singularly vivid reconstruction of place and time—two of the places, by the way, were at the time scarcely on speaking terms, which somewhat complicated matters for the Father of his Country. His portrait, painted on the trip, is here reproduced; it has every evidence that his false teeth had shifted.

"The Ambitious Guest" in Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" is the classic appearance of the White Mountains in our literature; as summer resort country they figure in many minor novels of our middle period, and in poetry, of course, they abound. Thoreau put the state's rivers among our classics with "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" (Houghton Mifflin). The house described by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "The Story of a Bad Boy" (Houghton Mifflin), now piously preserved as a museum, is one of the sights of fair-portalled Portsmouth, and any livery-stable horse may be trusted to reach it with his eyes shut. The Franconia stories of Jacob Abbott are fortunately still accessible (Putnam).

The special speech of New Hampshire—for the speech of one New England state differeth from another in glory—is preserved in Annie Trumbull Slosson's "A Local Colorist"; this is in a volume still in print under that title (Scribner); I chose it as key-story to open the recently published anthology, "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd, Mead). In the same collection is "By Order of the Committee," in which Bliss Perry tells what happened in "Witheridge, N. H.," a town cursed with a benefactress; this story, not elsewhere now in print, brings out something no other writer but Edith Wharton has used as a decisive literary factor—the part played by intense winter cold in life and the amenities in our northern countryside. If anyone asks me where Mrs. Wharton used it, remember that the last turn of the screw on Ethan Frome's tragedy was that the three involved in it had to go on helplessly sitting together in one room in the winter, because of the cost of fuel.

Judge Henry Shute's "Plupy" is in the collection, too, in a story describing one day of his active and sadly misunderstood career; I hope the joy reading it is bound to create may inspire some publisher to see what can be done about bringing that young hero back into print. At present so far as I know he is represented there only by "The Youth Plupy; or, the Lad with the Downy Chin" (Houghton Mifflin) and "Plupy—the Wirst Yet" (Dorrance), adventures in the same vein as "Plupy" and "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," but taking him a little further toward growing up. Plupy, if I may quote myself as his devoted admirer, "is a bad boy only by the Aldrich definition. He is not even disobedient in general, his difficulties with authority arising mainly from his ingenuity in breaking rules that have not yet been made, because authority could not work fast enough to forecast what that boy could think up." Judge Shute is a distinguished citizen of Exeter, and besides his paragraph in "Who's Who" there is a chapter about him in Masson's "Our American Humorists" (Dodd, Mead).

Freeman Tilden is a New Hampshire author: his "Second Wind, the Plain Truth about Going Back to the Land" (Viking) is as good for this year, when city thoughts seem bending upon the possibilities of farming, as it was when first it appeared in 1917; since then he has written "Mr. Podd" and "The Virtuous Husband" (both Macmillan). Winston Churchill treated politics and the railroads in "Mr. Crewe's Career" (Macmillan).

The best novel of farm life in New Hampshire seems to me on all points Rose C. Feld's "Heritage" (Knopf), in fact it is one of the novels that should form part of any collection by which life in rural America is to be documented. Even the vocabulary and turns of speech are amazingly accurate. The state can claim Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, whose volume of short stories, "The Minister Who Kicked the Cat" (Appleton), has lately appeared; Sewell Ford, Curtis Hidden Page, Louis Shipman the playwright, Demetra Vaka, and Kenneth Brown, and Philip Littell, and I shall probably be shocked when I learn how many names I have left out, but that is always what happens when you make a list single-handed. Anyway, the Elysian Fields of Peterboro are in New Hampshire, remembering Edward MacDowell, and George de Forrest Brush, born in Tennessee, went to Dublin, N. H., to live.

E. S. A., Centerville, Mass., says that previous suggestions on Yucatan were so helpful that a new list is desired "that will make a motor trip through the Virginia gardens even more interesting, including Charleston also." The Garden Club of Virginia has produced just the book for this purpose: "Homes and Gardens of Old Virginia," edited by Susanne Williamson Massie and Francis A. Christian from notes by many of those qualified by occupation, often from generations of descendants, to speak with authority of more than a hundred and fifty historic and romantic buildings and estates. The book was published by Garrett, Richmond, Va., within the year, and is a much enlarged and illustrated development of the guidebooks previously issued by this organization. "Tidewater Virginia," by Paul Wilstach (Bobbs-Merrill), should also be consulted by a traveller intending or returning; it includes Richmond, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Yorktown, Norfolk, and other places, including Mount Vernon, on which the author is an authority. This volume guides the eye and refreshes the mind, going into details in historic and biographic matters; his "Tidewater Maryland" does the same for this section. Another charming book is Marietta Minnegerode Andrews's "George Washington's Country" (Dutton), one of the volumes not written for the Bicentenary but here just in time to document us for it. It is by one of the pleasantest and best-informed gossips writing about the old South, who in this book takes one to the homes of Fairfax, Lee, Byrd, Madison, Jefferson, Marshall, and other famous families, follows the General's military career through the colonies, and closes at Mt. Vernon.

For Charleston the best book is a new one, "Charleston, Historic and Romantic," by Harriette Leiding (Lippincott), going from the time of the lords proprietors to the present day. It thus pleasantly documents the student or informs the visitor. When I reflect that I have never seen either Charleston or New Orleans I wonder where I ever got the reputation for being a traveller, mild as that repute is. "Stories of Charleston Harbor," by K. D. M. Simons, is issued in a limited edition by the State Publishing Co., Columbia, S. C.

The glory of "The Carolina Low Country," published by Macmillan, is the noble collection of otherwise unpublished spirituals to which the large volume leads up, but its other articles by Southern writers, most of them celebrated, on various phases of life in this region, are sympathetic and enlightening, and the colored plates are from water colors of local scenes. "South Carolina during Reconstruction Days," by T. B. Simkins and R. H. Woody (University of North Carolina), is a work that must be found in well-equipped historical libraries, of which 1,000 copies have been lately published; it is the first survey not only of political and military conditions during this crucial period, but of its highly important social and economic conditions, reinforced with many illustrations.

E. H., Leominster, Mass., given five dollars to spend on a lasting and pleasure-giving souvenir of the giver, and "not being a jewelry fiend" at once wondered if it would be possible to get for that sum a handbook of mythology that might give her as much pleasure as "Old Greek Stories" gave her in her childhood.

It so happens that this is just the catalogue price of Padraic Colum's "Orpheus: Myths of the World" (Macmillan), a volume with twenty engravings by Boris Artzybasheff sailing splendidly over the broad and stately pages. Here are the myths of seventeen peoples, told in the beautiful style that I used to think was Irish-English but that I have now decided is Mr. Colum's own invention, an English of the utmost lucidity and sincerity. If this book is to be concerned only with the classics, the "Handbook of Greek Mythology," by Herbert Jennings Rose (Dutton), is not only a reliable and interesting compendium of the subject, but by an ingenious arrangement of types it is possible for a general reader to take what is meant especially for him while students and scholars can go on into smaller type and notes. The book includes the extension of Greek mythology to Rome.

I must make an addition to the list of travel books about Italy; I have just read the English edition of "On the Roads from Rome," by Luigi Villari, soon to be published here by Macmillan, and find it a rare blend of past and present, customs and traditions, memories of a lively past and prospects of a Land Reclamation future; the author is a son of the historian Pasquale Villari and grew up in this Campagna country. There are so many collotype pictures that the descriptions are continually reinforced. Alexander Maclehose publishes it in England.

Writing of the plays of Plautus and Terence in *John O'London's Weekly*, R. Stanton says: "Confusion follows confusion and the fun is fast. The plots of Plautus and Terence are often very good, and it is perhaps not too fanciful to find an occasional sometihng in the combination of plot and fun anticipatory of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse."

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

BOOKS noticed in the cabin of Bob Bartlett's schooner *Morrissey* when she sailed from Staten Island on the Peary Memorial Expedition: The Rubaiyat, Three Normandy Inns, The Phantom Rickshaw, My Life with the Eskimos by Stefansson, Monks Are Monks by George Jean Nathan, The House of Happiness by Ethel M. Dell, Beneath Tropic Seas by William Beebe, Above the Dark Tumult by Hugh Walpole, Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball, and The Adventures of a Homely Woman by Fay Inchfawn.

To offset this last title, the *Morrissey* carried as passenger and presiding goddess that very charming lady Mrs. Marie Peary - Stafford, daughter of Admiral Peary, with her two sons. The expedition goes to Greenland to put up a monument to Admiral Peary.

The other most important passenger was a somewhat puzzled Jersey cow in a pen on deck. Bob Bartlett is very proud of this cow; her name is Dilwyn Beatrice and she is on her way to Newfoundland as a present to Captain Bartlett's mother.

The Astor Book Shop, 63 Fourth Avenue, is showing an exhibition of old New York prints. One of these is a view from McGowan's Pass in 1852—how many young New Yorkers know where that is? Another is of Mayor Fernando Wood, who had the excellent idea to form a separate State ("Tri-Insula") out of New York City and environs. Pity it didn't happen.

The best display attraction we have seen lately was a young lady in the window of Brentano's cutting out the curlicue pieces of puzzle pictures with a humming jig-saw. All day long people gathered to watch and speculate whether she worked by pattern or according to her own impulse. It looked like good fun, but dangerous to the fingers.

Literature and wine have always been on good terms. We hope that many gourmets and 3 Hours for Lunches noticed that this week has been the 75th anniversary of good old Hiram Dewey's founding of the wine business down on Fulton Street. It isn't wine now, it's sparkling grape-juice; but many a downtown poet has found that chilled effervescence almost as pleasant as champagne. If we were 75 years old we should want someone to notice it. So we make our salute to H. T. Dewey & Sons, and drink their health in some of their own green turtle soup.

The *Colophon*, excellent quarterly for collectors, has been asking for suggestions. Here's one from dour Old Quercus: Omit from the occasional circular *The Colophon Crier* that painful line, *"Published at whim by the jolly editors."*

One of the many mysteries insoluble to poor old Quercus is why the New Jersey terminal of the Fort Lee ferry should give away free pamphlets about the Latter Day Saints. He has carefully read *Why I Am a Mormon* by President Charles W. Penrose which he found in a rack in the ferry-house. "Mormonism," says President Penrose (President of what?) "seeks the elevation, protection, and development of women, as an admirer of the fairer sex I am proud to be called a Mormon."—The pamphlet comes from Zion's Printing and Publishing Company, Independence, Mo. It quotes Joseph Smith as having said, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory."

The many users of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* will be pleased to learn that in *The Stolen Statesman*, a detective story by Leonard R. Gribble (Dodd, Mead), the solution hinges on a code based on that much admired lexicon. But Mr. Gribble makes one curious error: he speaks of the *Concise Oxford* as having been published in 1906. Its first edition was in 1911.

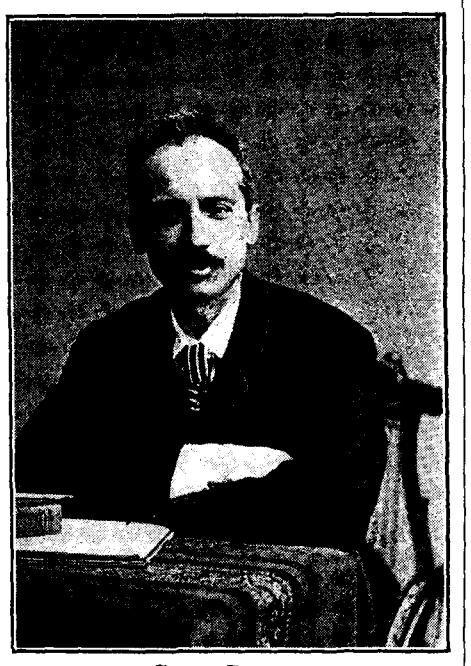
Henry Giersberg, associated for so many years with Putnam's, has opened a branch of the Old English Book Shop at 45 West 47th Street, where he is specializing in the fine imprints (both native and imported) which he knows by years of experience. A shelf of the lovely old books illustrated by Hugh Thompson happened to be opposite a case of some modern Dollar Reprints. A customer, noticing the two displays, waved from one to the other. "Publishing, old and new," he said.

Old Quercus was lured into Mr. Giersberg's shop by seeing in the window the first edition (3 volumes) of Clark Russell's *A Strange Voyage*, 1885, in excellent condition, for $3. Now, as I said before, is the time for buying the things one has always wanted. The motto on the title page of *A Strange Voyage* is quoted from Lord Nelson: "In sea affairs nothing is impossible and nothing improbable." My mind was already on seafaring that day, as I had been noticing the advertisement in the papers of Mr. James Free, 438 West 116—"Expedition cruising Caribbean in fourmast schooner, searching for adventure, has room for few restless young men."

But here was a delicate nuance in usage: when Mr. Free advertised in the *Herald Tribune* he said, "Grab telephone at once." But in the *Times* he said, "Utilize telephone forthwith."

Mr. Giersberg recalled, with accurate memory, that 18 years ago, when Old Quercus was Young Quercus, a publisher's salesman, the youth had striven vainly to sell him 100 copies of a book called *The Grand Assize*.

"I didn't buy them," said Mr. Giersberg. He was right: the book was a plug. (But it was a good book.)



CLARK RUSSELL

"Did you know," we asked Henry Giersberg, "that Clark Russell was not an Englishman but a New Yorker, born here in 1844?" This was recent information to us, we had always supposed Clark Russell to be British, for he did all his writing over there and lived in Ramsgate, mecca of elderly naval men.

"Yes, I knew that," said Mr. Giersberg, "and the man who told me was Horatio Alger, a regular customer of ours at the old Putnam store on 23rd Street. Alger was a great admirer of Clark Russell, as is everyone in his senses."

Speaking of Philadelphia, Jefferson Jones of the Lippincott Company reports that the famous old newspapermen's boarding house at 235 South 6th Street, now known as Steve's Place, has become a favorite lunching resort of Philadelphia publishers and journalists. Many ink-stained brothers of the press remember that quiet old brick house on the East side of Washington Square, and the front stoop which was pleasant to smoke a pipe on at sunset. Jeff Jones encloses a leaflet which says, "Up the five well worn stone steps, and into the tall cool room whose fireplaces and woodwork still speak of the days when Philadelphia gathered around the square."—But weren't those steps white marble?

FAVORITE SIGNS: On the salt-water swimming pool at Palisade Park, with its ingenious artificial surf: *This Ocean Emptied, Cleaned and Refilled Daily.*—On the Jewish Theological Seminary at 122nd Street: *And the Bush was Not Consumed.*—On the Mayfair movie theatre: *Is My Face Red? It's Carefully Cooled at the Mayfair.*—On the Appellate Court House, Madison Square: *Every law not based on wisdom is a menace to the state.*

PERSONALS

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TRAVELLERS to New England can now visit a house rich in memories of three authors. Hawthorne owned THE WAYSIDE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, for twelve years; for three years it was a girlhood home of Louisa Alcott; for many years the home of "Margaret Sidney" (Mrs. Daniel Lothrop), author of *The Five Little Peppers.* Nineteen miles from Boston, on Route 2. Admission twenty-five cents. Address H, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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Ph.D. (WOMAN), formerly head German department smaller college for women, versed English, French literature; started out with Greek, Latin; detoured through chemistry and other sciences; hence sufficient intelligence for scientific translations. Considerable experience also technical, medical translation, patents; and overwhelming desire to gain foothold in translating novels, plays, biography, etc. Travelled. Will guide, tutor, do research, excerpts, reviews, odd jobs, part time; consider any legitimate method of rising above present stress. Address True Blue American, *Saturday Review.*

CASE 475: Thrice-rejected MS., being a retort courteous (55,000 words) upon J. W. Krutch, I. Babbitt, R. Frye, et al, in re the validity of tragedy in the modern world. Frantic parent seeks advice concerning disposition of this unwanted babe, sponsored by wife, friends and learned academic colleagues, despite publisher's assertions of no immediate market. Hints, tips, admonitions, revelations, propositions, ardently sought. Address GANDER, *Saturday Review.*

CASE 476: Wife of above seeks usable criticism on MS. of detective novel, regarded by self and friends (not husband's learned colleagues) as highly flawed but full of promise. Offers, suggestions, exhortations, guidance earnestly craved. Communicate. GOOSE, *Saturday Review.*

UPPER WEST SIDE—New York, said O. Henry, at its loveliest in summer. Will sublet at sacrifice last 3 months of lease (July, August, September) on large cool, comfortable apartment, 8 rooms, 2 baths; 80th Street, only one block from Riverside. Ideal for connoisseurs of Manhattan. Investigate. COINTREAU, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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LIFE GUARD in artificial ocean at New Jersey amusement park, prefer let patrons drown than keep job longer. Accept anything—gigolo, nudist, or domestic service. JOHN SALVAGE, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

IN discussing her latest novel, "We Begin," which is being published by Harrison Smith, Inc., and is the July choice of The Book League of America, *Helen Grace Carlisle* makes an amusing reference to literary research in Paris. Her novel tells the story of the Pilgrims and the *Mayflower* (America has been "going in for" its origins quite a bit lately! After she thought she had completed her research over here she went to Paris, and there:

> Attempting to trace Thomas Morton's "New English Canaan," I went to the Bibliothèque Nationale. For admission, one must have a letter from one's ambassador, and four photographs. Preliminaries completed, the admission clerk informed me with gusto and self-satisfaction, that if I expected to find anything, I was mistaken; sixteen years of education in France were necessary to probe the mysteries of the catalogues. But I have no imagination for handicaps. Several times I was ready to admit the scoffing lady was right, but in the end I conquered the enormous handwritten catalogue books, assembled by library laws known but to God. It was worth it, for I discovered magnificent treasures of information—after blowing off the literal dust of three hundred years from some of the volumes. . . .

Ten years ago a most remarkable novel of the War appeared, which to the discerning is now a classic. It was "The Enormous Room" by *E. E. Cummings*, who has since established a reputation as a poet of remarkable originality and eccentricity. Cummings is also a painter of considerable attainment and has tried his hand at highly esoteric drama. In ten years he has proved an astonishing versatility. But during that time he forsook the novel. Now Covici, Friede announce what is an event in American literature, a new novel by E. E. Cummings to be published in the Spring of 1933. The book is not yet completed and so far does not bear a title. Portions of it will deal with the author's experiences abroad. That is all we are allowed to know. If it is nearly as powerful as "The Enormous Room" it should be worth everyone's immediate attention. . . .

Houghton Mifflin has added to its list of authors quite a few new names, and well-known ones. *Dorothy Speare, Radclyffe Hall*, and *Jonathan Leonard* are now all on their list for the first time. . . .

Out of the recent bankruptcy of the firm of Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou (and Cape, we hear, has failed in London also) several publishing houses secured different authors. *Harrison Smith*, Cape's earlier partner, took over, among the best, numerous works of *William Faulkner, Evelyn Scott*, and *Maurice Hindus*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam secured other valuable assets, and so on. When a publishing house blows up there is always quite a scramble for the spilled authors, and in this case there were some really good ones. . . .

Books listed under *Curiosa* in the catalogues of secondhand and rare book dealers seldom interest us. They either turn out to be well-known classics or exceptionally dull items. But in perusing the catalogue of the Union Square book-shop recently we came across a title that deeply appealed to our risible sense. It is listed at seven fifty, and it may have a curious quality, but to us it sounds bursting with health. Here's the item:

> Revi Lona. A Romance of Love in a Marvellous Land by *Frank Cowan* published privately by the author, who says in the preface, "It is a plain, straightforward, and truthful manner to tell how a big and brawny man with many of the vices of his sex and years and a few virtues went from the back woods of Pennsylvania to the South Pole of the earth, where big, beautiful women ruled."

If the story is all written in that style it must be quite a masterwork. If we weren't so impecunious in this depressive period we should certainly purchase it. We can imagine the purple treatment of its throbbing love-scenes. But then the South Pole is so *cold! Commander Byrd* could have told the late Mr. Cowan that. . . .

George S. Kaufman's "Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man," which originally appeared in *The Nation* and was relayed by the *World-Telegram*, is one of the best take-offs on the*Seabury* investigation that we have seen. We have also been charmed by a cartoon in *Judge* the caption of which ran: "The Old Gay Mayor He Ain't What He Used To Be, Ain't What He Used To Be!" . . .

The Carthaginian obliges us by sending clippings from his or her favorite newspaper, a local Rhode Island one, which enshrine what are verily marvels of journalistic English. One clipping pays tribute to a certain *Mr. Handling* who was a lobster-man at Point Judith for eighteen years. He wrote a novel called "Homer Eldredge" and a poem that appeared in *The Naragansett Times*, one rolling verse of which goes:

Though the distant deep bell should sullenly toll,
As convulsive it plunges the billow
Can I fear at the crests that incessantly roll,
And Thou asleep near on Thy pillow?

We are glad that *Earl Derr Biggers* is continuing "Charlie Chan." "Keeper of the Keys" has been going with a wallop in *The Saturday Evening Post* and the Bobbs-Merrill Company is to bring it out in book form on July 26th. We are a great Charlie Chan fan. At the moment he is our favorite detective. . . .

The Viking Press is bringing out a curious book that depends upon the Patent Office for its material. It has been compiled by *H. A. Jeffcott, Jr.*, and *A. E. Brown*, and it all goes to show how many insane inventions have been devised by Man and patented too. The Viking says this about it:

> There are devices for propelling airships by means of vultures or condors, for escaping from burning buildings by using your susoenders, for flattering the vanity of female fish, for preventing hens from setting, for shocking dogs so as to preserve the cleanliness of public buildings, etc.

Such a book will certainly get our dollar, which is all it costs. We want to hear more of recalcitrant fish, anonymous eggs, and exhaustion from hat-tipping! . . .

We wish to tender particular praise to the *New York Herald Tribune* for having some repertorial genius on its staff who has recently produced a series of convulsing accounts of the attempted eviction of a certain sculptor by a certain Mr. Strunsky down on Washington Square. We wonder if this is the same hand that concocted the recent review of the new Manhattan Telephone Book, which was a knockout,—or the tale of some escaped animal which we remember reading with great joy several months ago. So far as we know the *Herald Trib* is the only paper now making use of this sort of humorous reporting. In the days of the grand old *Sun* there used to appear masterpieces in this kind, but such news stories seemed for some years to go out of fashion. We welcome their return. And allow us to remark that they are just as hard to write as short stories or light verse, and, in that they are anonymous and paid for considerably below the rate maintained by popular magazines, represent a real philanthropy on the part of the reporter. Still, a man who writes as originally as that can't be kept down in his profession. But there ought to be a special Pulitzer prize for the best humorous news-story of the year. . . .

Edwina Stanton Babcock sends us a nice warm weather poem from Nantucket. Sometime ago we used to print poems by one who called herself *Sylvia Satan*. To this personage Mrs. Babcock refers, and rouses our intense suspicions. Here's Mrs. Babcock's poem:

NEW SAIL

A black schooner with a long green hull
Came round Brant Point just now;
Dropping her jibs one by one, her mainsail shaking,
Slowly nosing in by sea-weed spiles;
I wonder who walks the deck, who drops anchor?

Napoleon, your short stout figure wrapped in military cloak,
(Without which your Waxness in the Musee would lose its romance!)
Do you leave your escritoire of the ormolu'd Shinx
To pace salt-sloppy decks
Some leagues off Elba?

Magellan, how goes the voyage? Does your broad thumb smudge
On the dotted chart where the boiling Straits should run?
Shelley, young hot-heat, what Shore near you?—what Magnetic Mountain,
What blue-white starry drowning?

Jacques Cartier, hold hard that rugged helm against the snarling pack
Of black, wind-herded seas!
St. Paul, does the beast's skin belly taut
Toward Corinth coast, pillar and pagan pipe,
Calm porch of Lydia?
. . . It is the Schooner Boggs, *skipper Sam Scully,*
Cargo, bricks from New Bedford!

We congratulate Longman's Green on acquiring *Maxwell Aley* as the editor of their Trade Book Department, beginning July first. Aley has been in turn with Holt, Harper's, the Century, and Bobbs-Merrill. For some years he was fiction editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. He has had a particular wide editorial experience, and his personality is such that he has everywhere formed hosts of friends. He should make a great success of his new job!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 810)

that the Court will follow in the years to come, it would seem that, viewing the present trend, the high-water mark of the Court's imperialism has passed."

In a period of much hurried, and often half-baked, written and oral discussion of the intricate problems which development and regulation of utilities present, such a book as Mr. Clay has written will be useful to those who wish to study a problem that is of great importance and a subject which many students of the problems of democracy find of fascinating interest.

CONIFERS IN CULTIVATION: The Report of the Conifer Conference. Edited by *F. J. Chittenden*. London: The Royal Horticultural Society.

FLORIDA BIRD LIFE. By *Arthur H. Howell*. Coward-McCann. $6.

A TEXTBOOK OF GEOLOGY. Part I: Physical Geology. By *Chester R. Longwell, Adolph Knopf*, and *Richard F. Flint*. New York: John Wiley & Sons. Inc.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. A Record of the Amazing Experiences of Colonel Max Wild. Putnam. $2.50.

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. 1898-1914. Edited by *G. P. Gooch* and *Harold Temperley*. Vol. VII. The Agadir Crisis. London: H. M. Stationery Office. 1932.

STAMP COLLECTING. By *Stanley Phillips*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

VENETIAN PRINTERS OF HEBREW BOOKS. By *Joshua Bloch*. New York Public Library.

RECENT ADVANCES IN TOWN PLANNING. By *Thomas Adams* in collaboration with *F. Langstreth Thompson, E. Maxwell Fry*, and *James W. Adams*. Macmillan. $6.50.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Mr. F. C. James's *The Road to Revival* (Harper. $2.75) presents a definite program. He wants credit inflation, coördination of banks into an efficient system, creation of cartels, an economic advisory council, improvement of the standard of living of the workman, combined with international coördination both in the capital market and in the movement of goods. All this is argued simply and clearly for the layman. * * * With this book might be read Robert S. Brookings's *The Way Forward* (Macmillan. $1), a study of capitalism in evolution, with chapters on the United States and Russia. Mr. Brookings is founder of the well-known Economic Foundation of the Brookings Institution. * * * A miscellaneous group of new books of interest just published would include a brief but efficient Guide Book to Republican Spain which is said to be important because of the extensive new facilities for tourist travel instituted by the Republican Government and not included in earlier guide books (*Spain*. Edited by Lowell Thomas and Frank Schoonmaker. Simon and Schuster. $2.50). * * * Also an orientation book called *The Sciences of Man in the Making*, by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick (Harcourt, Brace. $4), a textbook which surveys the nature and methods of science, man as an inhabitant of the earth, men as varieties of human species, the preservation of man's life, the improvement of the human species, the avoidance of waste (which, of course, is economics), the means of control (which is political science), how man behaves, his personality and mental hygiene, his behavior in relation to others, and so on through the other branches of social and natural science applied to man. Each chapter of this brief and yet encyclopedic survey is accompanied by a bibliography. * * * Three more books on diverse subjects are Stanley Phillips's *Stamp Collecting* (Dodd, Mead. $3) which is both a history and a manual of advice; J. J. Ilson's edition of *The Wits, or Sport Upon Sport* (Cornell University Press. $4), which provides a complete and accurate text of a little-known Dramatic Miscellany of the 17th century; and a vaulable book containing a series of essays upon *Mr. Justice Brandeis* by Mr. Justice Hughes, Felix Frankfurter, and others, with an introduction by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Yale University Press. $3).

Letter from an Unknown Woman
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